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PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands, embracing their antiquities, mythology, legends, discovery by Europeans in the sixteenth century, re-discovery by Cook, with their civil, religious, and political history, from the earliest traditionary period to the present time. By Jas. Jackson Jarves, member of the American Oriental Society. Boston: Tappan & Dennet. 1843. 8vo.

Typee: a peep at Polynesian life, during a four months' residence in a valley of the Marquesas, with notices of the French occupation of Tahiti and the provisional cession of the Sandwich Islands to Lord Paulet. By Herman Melville. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 2 vols. 12mo.

THE North Pacific, nearly equi-distant from Mexico, California and the northwest coast of America, Japan, China, the Philippines and the Russian dominions, lies a group of islands, designated the Sandwich by Captain Cook, but which are now usually known by their native appellation, the Hawaiian. This cluster consists of twelve islands; four are barren rocks, supporting only colonies of rabbits or myriads of water fowl. The remaining eight are inhabited: these are Hawaii, Maui, Kahoolae, Lauai, Molokai, Oahu, Kauai, Niihau. They have a superficial area of sixty-one hundred miles, one-third of which is embraced by Hawaii, the island which gives the name to the group.

This celebrated cluster derives its chief importance from its central position, lying, like an oasis, in the solitary path of the whaler, and capable of playing the part of a mid-ocean Elsinore, by exacting a tribute from the commerce of the world. A healthful climate, abundant supplies, good harbors and cruising grounds, are most happily combined with this fortunate location. These islands are of volcanic formation. Hawaii contains the largest active volcano in the world. Unlike the southern groups, they are but slightly girded with coral reefs, which increase, however, with incredible rapidity. Though nature does not lavish her bounties here, in such wanton luxuriance as at Hayti, or in the valleys of the Marquesas, the soil can, with care, be made to produce the grain of the North and the fruits of the tropics. The native was found in possession of the banana, the yam, the breadfruit, the cocoanut, arrow-root, sugar-

cane, the strawberry; Vancouver added to his store, the chiromoya, lime, orange, guava, pine-apple, grape, peach, fig, citron and tamarind; the uplands of Maui teem with the Irish potato, in great perfection, and wave with two crops of wheat; whilst the lowlands yield up to the islander and his guest, cocoa, mulberry, coffee, sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco and indigo. Though the ground is not veined with the mineral wealth of Cinaloa, Sonora, and Peru, and the numerous pearls lack size and beauty, the ample mountains are covered with a cabinet-wood equal to the finest Brazilian. The scenery is brilliant but broken, and presents a combination of striking contrasts. The mountains, piercing the clouds, dash down headlong torrents into quiet, verdant plains, and silvery streams glide into fearful chasms; volcanoes threaten to assault the heavens again, whilst the green, fresh grass is creeping up their sides. The climate is salubrious and of equal temperature; it is equally innoxious to native and foreigner.

The Hawaiian, branded with the murder of the celebrated Cook, was only known to Europeans as a blood-thirsty savage, before the report of Vancouver had truly described him. The Sandwich islander, uninfluenced by Christianity, was brave, hospitable, and highly intellectual. He killed the English navigator, it is true; but it was under provocation more than enough to drive many civilized whites to the same unpardonable crime. He had welcomed the sailor as a god, he had found him a spoiler; he had met him in confidence, that was repaid by treachery; his boundless generosity was rewarded by the seizure of his king. Compare the conduct of Kalaniopuee, with the behaviour of those who would repulse from our shores the sick and starving children of poor Ireland, and the savage will not lose by the contrast. Both resisted the introduction of a prolific source of disaster to the state; but the voice of his captive prince urged on the Indian, while pity and charity knock at the heart of the white man.

Their mythology is deficient in beauty, resembling that of Mexico, Germany and the nations of northern Europe. Fear, instead of love, prompted their devotion and presided at the sacrifice. In the mythology of every country, there is strong evidence of man's fallen nature. Every where, he feels and intimates a knowledge of the existence of one good and all-powerful being, superior to all other existences. But his prayers are not addressed to this source of power, his sacrifices are not offered to him. Man, unguided by revelation, appears to want the means of communicating with this great divinity; he knows not how to approach him; he is conscious that there is a gap between them which natural means cannot bridge. In this difficulty, he seeks to avert distress by conciliating the authors of evil. He cannot aspire to Eden; he seeks to escape the curse. The idols of Central America, those deformed and disgustingly ugly monsters, do not embody the idea of a God to be loved, but of a demon to be feared. Nor does the exquisite Olympic machinery of the Greek form an exception to this universal rule; since the idea of *love*, from which all that is beautiful in his mythology emanates, was borrowed from the Egyptian. And though a certain elegance and benevolence was preserved, it was not long before Jupiter degenerated to a man, and Juno to a vixen. The statue of the *unknown God*, graced the city of Athens, but where were his priests, his temples, his victims, and his mysteries? Thus with the nations of the North, no increase of happiness was expected from the deity, and Odin and Thor, impotent to bless, were only powerful to chastise. The vilas of the Scandinavian, and the valkyrias of the German, beings akin to the houri of the Mussulman, composed the elysium of the Northman. It might be permitted, in connexion with this topic, to inquire whether idolatry, as it is commonly understood, the adoration of inanimate things, ever existed; whether the idol was not honored as the expo-

nent of something invisible and superhuman, and not worshipped for its intrinsic divinity; and whether the chief abomination of heathen rites was not, as we have suggested, in the deification or rather supplication of the devil, instead of appealing to the principle of good. The human mind, however debased, seems incapable of ascribing to a stick or a stone a power superior to its own.

The Hawaiian traditions point to a simpler and purer worship in primeval ages, gradually corrupted into a gross polydemonism. They have their deluge and their Ararat.

The following verses, which Mr. Jarves gives as a literal translation of part of an ode composed by Maewa, a modern Hawaiian,—before he was a Christian, we hope,—indicate poetic ability of no ordinary degree, and will display the capacity of the Sandwich Islander, as well as a phrenological disquisition:

Farewell thou soul, the body's *near companion*,
Companion in the rain and in the sun,
In the piercing cold and in the chilly damp.
Farewell my soul; we have communed together
in the still retreat,
Been companions in the crowd and in the silent
places.
And thou art going, my bosom friend, in the
dark storm,
Who rodest with me o'er the dark waves of the
eight seas,
And when contending with the four winds;
My companion in rare-full meals,
And in long-fasting faintness.
While living here, the sun has onward rolled
And four full years have passed;
'Tis but a vapor of a loved remembrance, &c.

Equally beautiful with this, is an elegiac specimen from Ellis' Tour:

Alas, alas! dead is my chief,
Dead is my lord and friend;
My friend in the season of famine,
My friend in the time of drought,
My friend in poverty,
My friend in the rain and wind,
My friend in the heat and the sun,
My friend in the cold from the mountain,
My friend in the storm,
My friend in the calm,
My friend in the eight seas;
Alas, alas! gone is my friend
And no more will return.

By comparing these songs, the first breathing the old Hawaiian conception of the relations of soul and body, and the second, composed by an *unenlightened* native, with the miserable scriptural paraphrases made by Mr. Bingham's neophytes and paraded in the Hawaiian Spectator, the reader will perceive, that the islander's intellect has kept pace with his spiritual progress, though the mission has practically devoted much more time and trouble to the former than the latter. It was an oversight in the author, to introduce these samples in the same book, though at an interval of a hundred pages.

These islands, previous to the introduction of the Protestant mission, had produced a man, whose energy, wisdom and benevolence excited the admiration of Europeans and the wonder and friendship of Vancouver. Kamehameha I, becomes conspicuous in Hawaiian history, about the year 1791. His sovereignty was then firmly established over the principal island. The extortions of Cook and the butcheries of Captain Metcalf, had rendered the natives so averse to intercourse with the whites, that it was dangerous for voyagers to touch their shores. But the superior genius of Kamehameha I removed the prejudices of his countrymen against foreigners and threw open his ports to traders. This remarkable man did not want the patriotism and indomitable courage of Xicotencatl, the Tlascalan, but he saw, that although he might repulse one set of adventurers, it would ultimately be in vain to oppose the weapons of his fathers to the thunder and lightning of the stranger. He therefore wisely determined to conciliate, rather than incense, the pale-faced visitant. When urged to seize upon a Spanish sloop, because she had been captured from the English, and advised that his title to the vessel would be as valid as that of her present owner, his more logical

mind rejected this primitive sophistry. He greeted Vancouver with the choicest presents his island-wealth could bestow, and received in return cattle, poultry and various agricultural implements, which speedily enriched his dominions.

But Kamehameha was no less distinguished for his military than his civil ability. The warrior of a hundred fights, he had risen without sustaining a single defeat to the throne of Hawaii. His ambition was still ungratified: and he resolved upon the conquest of the neighboring islands, which lay within easy reach of his double canoes. Kauai, Maui, Lanai, Molokai and Oahu, were successively invaded and subdued. Yet, in spite of these splendid acquisitions, the martial monarch, like the Macedonian and Arabian, sighing for new worlds to conquer, turned his eyes towards Tahiti, some thousand miles distant. Sedition at home, prevented this island Alexander from directing his tiny boats across an untried ocean, without chart or compass.

Under this accomplished chief, the condition of the islands was highly prosperous. In one year the sales of sandal wood and pearls, amounted to four hundred thousand dollars. In 1801, Kamehameha could assemble an army of seven thousand warriors and fifty whites, mostly armed with muskets, forty swivels, six mortars, with an abundance of ammunition; and a fleet of twenty-one schooners, from ten to fifty tons burthen, flanked by an indefinite number of war canoes. Whilst trade was thus flourishing, and the wise policy of the king continued to secure the advantages of civilization, without imbibing its vices,—whilst his gigantic mind was meditating a traffic with China and the Russian possessions, Kamehameha died as he had lived a pagan, bewailed by his subjects, respected and regretted by the maritime world.

Hitherto, no regular attempt had been made to teach the Gospel to the Hawaiian. There was a legend, that told of the arrival of a "white priest" at Kohala, with a large and a small idol, which were enrolled in the calendar of native Gods. The old Spanish charts are marked with a cluster of islands, which so nearly correspond with the Sandwich, that, in the absence of contiguous groups, they may be fairly considered the same. Cook found the natives in possession of a piece of iron that appeared to be the blade of a broadsword. These facts, in connection with the traditional name of the "white priest," *Paao*, which may be deduced from "*Padre*," with less violence to orthography than philology frequently offers, render it highly probable, that these islands were known to the Manilla galleons, at least two centuries before the era of Cook. But to American Protestantism undoubtedly belongs the glory of having first founded a permanent mission at the Hawaii. The establishment of this society at Honolulu and its career, form the main feature in Mr. Jarves' History: and as our object in the present paper is to arrive at a correct idea of the operation and results of the American Protestant Hawaiian Missionary Society, we must attend closely to Mr. Jarves' relation.

The loose writing of the day seems to have begotten a bad taste, blind alike to the blemishes of folly or inexperience and the beauties of genius or art. But the most corrupted eye or ear will detect a certain awkwardness in Mr. Jarves' style, and the substitution of a bungling circumlocution for the proper term. Nor is this glaring fault redeemed by profound disquisition or a luxuriant fancy. The dearth of original thought is supplied by a string of hackneyed truisms, and the absence of imagination, by a vein of affected sentimentality. Yet we might forgive these not unfrequent vices, if the author preserved a degree of impartiality, without which, a historian sinks to the level of a bribed judge. Perhaps we do Mr. Jarves injustice, for he is so openly a partisan, that he must be regarded rather as a zealous advocate than an unbiassed umpire. His book should have been entitled, "An

attempted vindication of the Hawaiian Mission," instead of a "History of the Sandwich Islands." This sectarian spirit has been elsewhere properly rebuked.*

We shall proceed to give a rapid but correct sketch of this mission, and in doing so, we will in the first place convict the mission out of Mr. Jarves' own mouth of inefficiency and gross misconduct, and in the second place, prove from numerous and impartial witnesses, that the mission has been a curse instead of a blessing to the islanders. As Mr. Jarves' account is the first branch of our inquiry, we now proceed to examine it.

A year after the death of Kamehameha I, Messrs. Bingham, Thurston and Ruggles, the first missionaries, with their wives and children, arrived at Hawaii. They were careful not to land until assured of a hospitable reception. This delicate trait, which is noticed with much complacency, may evince a tender regard for aboriginal prejudice or a tenderer self-circumspection, but it lacks sadly the resolution that has made many a martyr and millions of Christians. Mr. Jarves does not explain why Hawaii was abandoned and Honolulu selected as the basis of the mission; but the religious revolution in Oahu reveals the cause. It should carefully be borne in mind, that never was a heathen people so well prepared for the reception of Christianity as the natives of Oahu in 1820. The infusion of foreigners into the original population, had gradually undermined the fabric of superstition. Kamehameha had refused to accept the faith of the white man, perhaps from a mistrust of European influence: but at his death, the islanders began to display the little respect they entertained for their paternal rites. The Hawaiian heard that in the southern groups the idols had been insulted and overthrown with impunity,—he saw the sacred *tabu*† flagrantly violated by friend and stranger, and the culprit enjoying undiminished health and fortune;—a woman had eaten a cocoanut and lived and laughed,—a man had shared forbidden food with a female, and Lono smiled upon the double offence. "What gods are these!" exclaimed the Oahuan, "who submit so patiently to insult!" Liholiho, the son and heir of Kamehameha, was swayed by his mother-in-law, Kaahumanu, who possessed a portion of her husband's greatness without his benevolence. This haughty woman saw through the artfully veiled machinery of the priesthood, and prepared for a war of extermination against the gods and their terrestrial ministers. She assembled the chiefs of the land to a sumptuous banquet of *tabued* fruits and meats, and regaled the ladies of her realm at an adjoining table. It was a fundamental article of Hawaiian faith, that persons of different sex should never eat together. When the feast was at its height, Liholiho, instructed by his mother, left his seat, and, mingling with the female chieftainesses, smoked and drank with them, and partook freely of their viands. Emboldened by the example of their prince, the whole assembly rose, crying exultingly, "The *tabu* is broken!" When tidings of this had spread through the island, the popular feeling manifested itself by a succession of festivities, during which husband and wife, brother and sister, father and daughter, mother and son, lover and lady-love, laughed to scorn the old restrictions. The high priest, Hewahewa, grasped a torch and led the way to the strongholds of superstition. With his own hand, he fired the sacred temple where once he had prostrated himself in pious awe, and the flames, as they curled upward, gave the signal for the destruction of the bulwarks of Hawaiian faith. Then heiau and idol were laid in the dust, the relics of ages perished in the ruins of the temples, and priests trampled under foot the now insulted emblems of their rank.

These events had occurred five months

* The Sandwich Islands. Democratic Review, vol. xiii, July, 1843. No. lxi, p. 9.

† "Tabu," or "Taboo," means a prohibition enjoined by some divinity which it is sacrilege to break.

before the advent of the American mission. A foreign lay population and the naturally acute mind of the Hawaiian, unaided by Bible and spelling book, had burst the chains of heathenism. When Mr. Bingham landed at Honolulu, little, comparatively, remained to be done. The task of the missionary is more than half accomplished, when the native has learned to loathe and spurn the idol.

The mission was begun under these favorable auspices and at this happy moment. The first step was to collect six hundred dollars for an orphan school fund. The next fruit appears a year later, in the shape of a small thatched church at Honolulu, which we assume, though it is not stated, contained the kernel of a native congregation. It is difficult to discover what line of conduct was pursued: the *historian* expatiates upon the licentiousness of the island, without alluding to Mr. Bingham's remedies. A printing press, the only perceptible evidence of the mission, must have been the panacea. Before the end of 1822, five hundred pupils were exploring the depths of a Hawaiian spelling book. After making this fair provision for orthography, a strict observance of the Sabbath was the next point to be gained, and abstinence from servile work was strictly enjoined. In 1823, the passage of a law prohibiting manual labor on the Lord's day was procured. It was surely a miraculous triumph over the inclinations and habits of a South Sea islander, to constrain him, for one day in the week, to forego his customary *active, industrial* pursuits. These wonderful results, enhanced by the baptism of the king's mother upon her death bed, were achieved in the brief space of three years.

King Liholiho had, as yet, remained proof to psalmody and orthography, indulging every passion that barbarism could plant and nourish; or, in the language of Mr. Jarves, "the truths of Christianity were acknowledged by his intellect, though set at nought by his conduct."

In 1824, conversions are instanced, but no change is marked in the masses. It is announced, with commendable pride, that two thousand have been taught to read, and fifty qualified as elementary teachers. The cause of truth received a new impetus from the exhortations of Boki, who had accompanied Liholiho to England. This powerful chief advised the people to hearken to their new spiritual instructors, since King George IV had told him, that Christianity alone had raised England, from worse than Hawaiian poverty, to her present splendor. His majesty did not inform this lord of the isles, that England was indebted to the Christianity persecuted at Oahu, and not to the heresy fostered there, for her civilization and virtue. But we look in vain for the results of the union of Boki and Bingham.

The pages before us, though they record no sacrifices made, no dangers met, no permanent and wholesome change wrought in the islanders, are as full of baseless panegyric as they are barren of any solid tribute. In history, we expect a narrative of actions, not empty eulogy of unrecorded virtues. The fact should precede the encomium, or we cannot appreciate the praise. Mr. Jarves is careful to enumerate the various enactments, but never alludes to their observance. To make a law does not involve obedience to it, any more than the reading of the Bible implies the ability to understand, or the grace to practise it.

But whilst their spiritual conquests are limited and uncertain, the temporal influence of the reverend fathers is unbounded. It will require a paragraph to explain this anomaly; and we shall see the mission struggling for temporal power instead of seeking to diffuse the Gospel of Jesus.

Mr. Bingham, the principal of the mission at Honolulu, was evidently a man of much sagacity. His first effort was to win over queen Kaahumanu, the all-powerful relict of Kamehameha. It may have been easy to secure the assistance and protection of a Hawaiian woman, already

disgusted with her island divinities, by means of the finery and glittering gewgaws of civilised life; it may have been easy for an artful man to acquire an ascendancy over an uneducated savage in the decline of life, by flattery or skilful persuasion. Doubtless, the aged princess felt the want of a religion to fill the vacuum created by the annihilation of the gods of Hawaii, and it cannot awaken much surprise that she turned, with implicit confidence to obtain relief from the American Protestant mission. She continued their firm friend, from their arrival, to her death in 1832. Once, when the life of a missionary was threatened at Lahaina, she received the fugitive at Honolulu, and pointing to her magazines and her soldiers, said, "These are all mine, and both they and I shall perish, before harm reaches you." As the government of the Hawaii was despotic, it follows, that to direct the monarch was to rule the nation. The power of the missionaries over the inhabitants, was attained by the conquest of their queen, by making one convert, and we shall see their influence expire with their royal proselyte.

After the death of Liholiho in England, the kingdom of Kamehameha passed into the hands of Kauikeaouli, a boy. Kaahumanu, his guardian, advised a Christian education, and his infant majesty was confided to the missionaries. Here then, we have the government as completely under the control of the mission, as the most ambitious and least gifted adviser could desire:—the queen is ready to die for them, and the king—is their *child*. Yet after putting the reader in possession of these facts, Mr. Jarves seriously assures him, that the civil power was influenced by the mission, only in as much as enlightened example and spiritual instruction edified and elevated the monarch and his counsellors. We will soon have occasion, as we meet with exhibitions of the ascendancy acquired in the administration by the gentlemen of the mission, to specify other instances of our author's mighty demands upon our credulity. Let us admit, since Mr. Jarves invites us to believe it, that the government was based upon scripture, and we are constrained to conclude, that as the missionaries were the interpreters of the one, they were likely to become the directors of the other. The deportment of these gentlemen towards the first Catholic missionaries, besides evidencing the *candor* and *benevolence* of the Protestant mission, will show how close was the connection between the church and the state.

"The year 1827," says Mr. Jarves, "was memorable for the introduction of the Roman mission:" the year 1832 is notorious for its expulsion. Messrs. Bachelot and Short, who composed the Catholic mission, were guilty of the heinous offence of visiting Honolulu without permission, unhonored and unwelcome. "These priests," says Mr. Jarves, "were left dependent upon their own exertions for a subsistence. They procured a house from an American, and lived in company with the mechanics in an humble manner." This piece of intended sarcasm is cited as a specimen of unconscious eulogy. Boki objected to the introduction of Catholicity, because its discordant doctrines would create unpleasant dissensions: in a kingdom so small there should be but one church. The philosophical islander never dreamed, that the sect from which he expected religious unity for Oahu, can not preserve itself undivided in the paltriest village. Mr. Jarves bears this testimony to the character of the Rev. MM. Bachelot and Short:—"They appear to have been of simple habits and desirous of effecting good in accordance with the mandates of their church. Had they been dropped among an entirely heathen tribe, their zeal, instructions, and purity of lives would have won respect, and success crowned their labors. But it seems to be the policy of the heads of their order, wherever a Protestant mission flourishes, to plant another of their faith beside it. Instead of turning their attention solely

to the numerous unoccupied fields for religious effort, which still exist in the Pacific, they have intruded by deceit or force of arms into groups which desired them not. Injustice and violence have marked their progress, and their name has become a by word and a reproach." There are two things to admire in this passage: its elegant structure and eloquent termination. If there be but one true church, and the Roman Catholic church is that church, why should not the Catholic missionary be as solicitous to reclaim the Protestant or semi-Protestant as to convert the heathen? Or if we valued a Protestant precedent, we might say that we only imitated the policy of those who have founded posts in Italy, France and Spain for the conversion of the benighted papists of those countries. On July 14th the first mass was celebrated, and a small chapel opened for worship in January, 1828. "This step excited much surprise and drew many of the chiefs to the chapel; among whom went the young king, who could scarcely avoid a laugh at the absurdity of the worship." This is not surprising in Mr. Bingham's protegé. "The popish doctrines of veneration of holy relics, use of images, fasts and feasts, were found strikingly analogous to their previous idolatry. To use the words of the chief, 'This new religion was all about worshipping images, and dead men's bones, and tabus on meat.'" The words of the *chief!* Why, does Mr. Jarves expect to disguise the genuine Protestant cant, stale and rancid as the lapse of three centuries can make it? Does he hope to conceal in the word "*tabu*," the thunder of Luther, the clarion of Calvin, and the yell of John Knox? He might as well attempt to hide the odor of musk in the perfume of the violet, as endeavor to represent this withered stuff as of Hawaiian growth. "A natural conclusion to their uninstructed minds." Uninstructed! Who conducted the '*investigation*,'—for we are told the tenets of Catholicity were *investigated*—which developed these conclusions? The answer to this, exposes Mr. Jarves' laughable essay to acquit the mission of a cowardly misrepresentation, by endowing the Hawaiian with an instinctive aversion to Rome, without inducing us to cite the experience of the world as opposed to this 'natural conclusion.' When Mr. Bingham remonstrates with Kaahumanu in behalf of converts to Catholicity, whom she threatened to punish, the following exquisite bit of farce is told with a most comical gravity: "You have no law," says the missionary, "that will punish them." The queen at once refers him to the edict against *idolatry*, significantly remarking, "For their worship is like that which we have forsaken." This is too much, even for Catholic credulity. We may credit well authenticated miracles, but recoil in disgust from such palpable humbug. Mr. Jarves is determined, at all hazards, to acquit the mission of meddling in the government; but he must be sorely pushed, to resort to such childish and transparent deception.

In spite of calumny and persecution "the Romish mission gave indications of permanency." The fears of Mr. Bingham and his party, were fully aroused. Protestantism always quails in the presence of Catholicity, and the mission of MM. Bachelot and Short, promised, like Aaron's serpent, to swallow up the rest. When secret slander and the open sneer had failed to arrest the progress of Catholicity, it was time to resort to stones. As Mr. Bingham did not attempt to meet the argument he had suggested, Kaahumanu began the suppression of '*idolatry*,' by issuing an edict forbidding the natives, under pain of severe chastisement, to attend the religious services of the papists, and commanding the Catholic priests to exclude them, on all occasions, from their chapel. But regardless of the threats of their queen, the islanders crowded to the chapel. The very men who could not be induced by fear or love to bask in the promised light of the Protestant mission, could not be driven by the public ven-

geance of Kaahumanu or the private allurements of her advisers from the altar of the Catholic. Foreign influence alone, preserved the daring priests from insult; whilst the natives atoned for their papistical tendencies, by being thrust into 'filthy lodgings,' where they were fed with bad food contemptuously bestowed, and whence they were only released to build stone walls, repair the highways, and remove *in their hands* the offal of the fort. Thirty men and women, innocent of all but a participation in Romish rites, "were incorporated in the ranks of common malefactors, and from time to time, for several years, made liable to similar punishments." It excites a thrill of indignation to witness Mr. Jarves expressing his surprise, that this enlightened and parental treatment should be styled a persecution.

As moral means had failed, so physical force proved insufficient to stem the current of Catholicity, and the edicts of the queen were but as bulrushes in the mouth of the Nile. While the cause remained, it was, as with a corporal disease, useless to assail the effect. Banishment alone, since Mr. Bingham would never have recommended the *death* of the Catholic missionaries, could eradicate the cause. Accordingly, on the 28th of January, 1832, MM. Bachelot and Short were put aboard a crazy native vessel and set down without food or raiment on the shore of California, at a point remote from any white settlement. It is unnecessary to impute this outrage to the Protestant mission, since Mr. Jarves' labored efforts to justify them, serve only to manifest their guilt.

For ten years the Protestant mission had now been laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. We shall now show from Mr. Jarves' own lips, that, at least during these first ten years, the Protestant mission had been inefficient; for he has furnished us with a terrible proof. The pompous statement, that already "nine hundred schools taught by native teachers were established, and forty-four thousand eight hundred and ninety-five learners brought under their influence," might deceive the reader who would go no farther; but the next page exposes the emptiness of these statistics, and proves our position.

Kaahumanu died. Almost simultaneously with her death, "the worst scenes were enacted at Honolulu, and a general civil and moral anarchy prevailed throughout the group. Schools were deserted, teachers relapsed, and in some places idolatrous worship was again performed. Several churches were burned and some lives lost. Groggeries were opened and distilleries set in motion. The wild orgies of heathenism rioted over the land; men left their wives, wives their husbands; parents, brothers, sisters, and relatives, united like beasts, in common prostitution; they gambled, they fought, for old grudges were then scored off; they drank and they revelled." Such is the testimony of Mr. Jarves, who afterwards unblushingly claims immortal honor and gratitude for the American Protestant mission. He brands it indelibly with corrupt misconduct and gross inefficiency, and then implores us to bend the knee to the badge of its shame. *This*, is what ten years of 'spiritual inquiry,' and 'zealous watering of the tree of life,' accomplished. The mission found the Hawaiian orderly, sober, healthy, active, with his foot upon the mythology of his fathers, and at the expiration of ten years saw him riotous, dissolute, feeble, sluggish and crouching again at the image of Lono. In this frightful moment, all that preserved the mission was the influence of the young king, the child confided to Mr. Bingham. Yet, even he threw off the yoke for a moment and sighed for the removal of the guardians of his youth. But he had worn the hand-cuff from the cradle, and was easily won back to the seeming bracelet.

After this fearful picture, will it not be conceded, that in these ten years the mission had been unproductive of good;—

that though a few chiefs had apparently been converted, no impression had been made upon the masses, and that all the missionaries had effected was in winning the love and support of queen Kaahumanu.

In the hope that the death of the old queen had removed the greatest obstacle to their success, MM. Bachelot and Short returned to Honolulu. But Mr. Bingham found it quite as easy to control the king he had governed from childhood, as it had been to direct the widow of Kamehameha: the unwelcome Catholic priests were again expelled and forcibly confined on board the Clementine, an English vessel seized by the government, until they were released by Admiral Du Petit Thouars and Captain Belcher. The French admiral had ratified a treaty with the Hawaiian authorities, which permitted subjects of France to go and come freely in all the states which compose the Sandwich Islands, *and enjoy there the same advantages which the subjects of the most favored nations enjoy.* Mr. Jarves most amusingly contends, that this treaty only availed to secure to France the privileges enjoyed by England. With incomprehensible dulness, he cannot perceive, that by the terms of the contract, French priests must have the privileges of our parsons or else the nationality of the United States be denied. His argument would not blind a county magistrate. The provisions of this treaty were violated by refusing to permit *the landing* of the Rev. M. Maigret. Even conceding to Mr. Jarves his ridiculous assumption, that the treaty extended to France but the privileges accorded to England and not those actually enjoyed by the United States, this refusal was still a breach of faith, and a direct invasion of the treaty; because English subjects had the express right of *landing* and continuing ashore so long as they conformed to the laws. France was not disposed to acquiesce tamely in these insults, and Captain Laplace of the frigate Artemise was commissioned to obtain redress. Laplace at once addressed a manifesto to the government, demanding,—that the Catholic worship be declared free throughout all the dominions subject to the king of the Sandwich Islands, and enjoy all the privileges granted to Protestants;—that all Catholics, native or foreign, be instantly liberated;—that twenty thousand dollars be deposited in the hands of the captain of the Artemise, as a guaranty for the observance of the treaty. Laplace also wrote to the American consul offering his frigate as an asylum to the citizens of the United States, should the obstinacy of the authorities compel him to bring his guns to bear upon the town; adding, "I do not, however, include in this class, the individuals, who although born, it is said, in the United States, make a part of the Protestant clergy of the chief of this archipelago, direct his counsels, influence his conduct, and are the true authors of the insults given by him to France. For me, they compose a part of the native population, and must undergo the unhappy consequences of a war which they shall have brought on this country." The missionaries were certainly American citizens; but Mr. Jarves should have remembered, that in making out their claim to citizenship and denouncing Laplace for an insult to the American flag, he was acquitting the French commander of acting in violation of the treaty. This intimation had the desired effect; the demands of Laplace were complied with. Mr. Jarves' abuse of this energetic procedure is based upon a misconception. The right of France to redress is clear; only the manner of obtaining it can be exceptionable. But we think it can be gathered, even from Mr. Jarves' narrative, that Laplace knew perfectly well that the only way to carry his point was to threaten "the king's perfidious advisers," as he styles the missionaries. The chivalrous officer had no idea of welcoming to his cabin the authors of the mischief, and then opening his batteries upon the poor, misguided islanders. He played a strong game of brag; and the result proves, that

although the gentlemen of the mission could out-general the Hawaiian, they were not a match for an European diplomatist.

As the articles dictated by Laplace were reluctantly signed, the prisons were thrown open, fetters were struck from the limbs of tortured women, and high mass was celebrated in a straw palace of the king's. Thus was liberty of conscience wrung from the mission-ruled government of the Hawaii. From the arrival of the Artemise, we may date the Roman Catholic mission.

Mr. Jarves is so much galled by the permanent establishment of *Romanism* at Honolulu, that he seizes every opportunity to make it the target of his keen, insatiable wit. For instance, he happily intimates, that, "the coincidence of ardent spirits with the cause of papacy had been striking throughout:"—"the terms for brandy and Frenchman, *meaning papists*, became synonymous through the nation: *palani* (brandy) is the common name of both." This is as much as to say, that when we call gin, good old Holland, gin is the synonyme of Lutheran. It is surprising too, that the reöpening of commerce with France should be marked by the introduction of brandy. But the shafts of our Teucer are not always so felicitously selected. Jealous of the progress of Catholicity, he attributes its success to corruption. "In addition to the legitimate *weapons* (!) of spiritual warfare, the papists have successfully employed bribes and largesses. Clothing, knives and the varied etcetera that constitute worldly wealth to a Hawaiian, have been lavishly distributed; consequently, many have become converted, if not to the dogmas of their faith, to the desire for property. With *the lowest orders, their gifts and the obsequious zeal manifested in waiting upon the sick, providing food for the hungry, and other such acts*, have spread abroad an idea of limitless charity and munificence on the part of the pope." The case is bad enough, but the shallowness of the advocate is worse. We cheerfully admit, that the Catholic priest enriched the Hawaiian, whilst the Protestant parson fleeced him; that the former *gave* him the means of living, whilst the latter *sold* him spelling books and bibles. It is most unfortunately true, that visiting the sick, feeding the hungry, clothing the native, are *weapons* rarely wielded by a Protestant mission. The depopulation of the Sandwich Islands to which we shall presently advert, would lead a logician to conclude, that "the legitimate *weapons* of spiritual warfare," had been the tomahawk and the scalping knife.

Mr. Bingham, as the affair of the Artemise proves, had recovered his ascendancy over the young king. To rivet the chains, he recommends the employment of a competent teacher of political economy, to be selected in the United States. Of course the United States was unable to furnish one, and Mr. Richards, a missionary on the island, benevolently undertakes the office. It would be tedious to insert, and superfluous to comment upon the constitution drawn up by the missionaries and modelled upon our own. What a lamentable piece of folly, to attempt to run the Indian, all at once, into the complicated harness of civilization! The wise restraints we rejoice in, are to him irksome deprivations; for he has not the intelligence, or the experience to reap the reward of the sacrifice of his accustomed liberty. This constitution reminds us of the pet bird, that sickening over its soft dainties, drooped and pined for a few grains of gravel.

Hitherto we have relied entirely upon Mr. Jarves to convict the mission of worse than inutility, and of a most censurable usurpation and abuse of civil power: we now appeal to better authority to prove that its influence has been most pernicious. Mr. Jarves complains, that the mission was universally despised and calumniated by foreigners. Abuse is certainly not conclusive proof of demerit. When a number of little sects conspire to slander and

misrepresent a church whose communion is twenty times their own, and whose enemies are forced oftener to praise than condemn her, their machinations recoil upon their contrivers. But when the concurrent and almost universal testimony of disinterested individuals is against a petty association, and when its own declarations impeach its honor, we cannot be expected to accept its protestations of innocence and magnanimity, without an investigation.

Typee, which is noticed at the head of this article, is a sprightly, well written, entertaining book; its happiness of expression is as conspicuous as Mr. Jarves' awkwardness. There is one fatal objection to it,—its voluptuousness, if we may use the word. But this is more pardonable in a tourist, than wilful deception in a historian. The author is a Protestant. His opinions of the mission are drawn from actual observation upon the spot.*

"Look at Honolulu," says Mr. Melville, "the metropolis of the Sandwich Islands!—A community of disinterested merchants and devoted self-exiled heralds of the cross, located on the very spot that twenty years ago was defiled by the presence of idolatry. What a subject for an eloquent Bible meeting orator! Nor has such an opportunity for a display of missionary rhetoric been allowed to pass by unimproved!—But when these philanthropists send us such glowing accounts of one half of their labors, why does their modesty restrain them from publishing the other half of the good they have wrought?—Not until I visited Honolulu, was I aware of the fact, that the *small remnant* of the natives had been civilized into draught-horses, and evangelized into beasts of burden. But so it is. They have been literally broken into the traces, and are harnessed to the vehicles of their spiritual instructors, like so many dumb brutes.

"Among a multitude of similar exhibitions that I saw, I shall never forget a robust, red-faced, and very lady-like personage, a missionary's spouse, who, day after day, for months together, took her regular airings in a little go-cart drawn by two of the islanders, one an old gray-headed man, and the other a roguish stripling, both being, with the exception of a fig-leaf, as naked as they were born. Over a level piece of ground this pair of *draught* bipeds would go with a shambling unsightly trot, the youngster hanging back all the time like a knowing horse, while the old hack plodded on and did all the work.

"Rattling along through the streets of the town in this stylish equipage, the lady looks about her as magnificently as any queen driven in state to her coronation. A sudden elevation and a sandy road, however, soon disturb her serenity. The small wheels become imbedded in the loose soil,—the old stager stands tugging and sweating, while the young one frisks about and does nothing; not an inch does the chariot budge. Will the tender hearted lady, who has left her friends and home for the good of the souls of the poor heathen, will she think a little about their bodies and get out, and ease the wretched old man until the ascent is mounted? Not she: she could not dream of it. To be sure, she used to think nothing of driving the cows to pasture on the old farm in New England; but times have changed since then. So she retains her seat and bawls out 'Hookee! hookee!

* Some doubts were cast upon the authenticity of "*Typee*," by those who believed that all testimony against the South Sea Protestant missions must be fictitious. But the publication of "*Omoo*" by Mr. Melville, has decided that he deals in truth, and is only gifted with the power of describing most vividly the exquisite garden spots he has visited. It surprises us that any one reading Typee should suspect it of being a fable, or imagine that his statements regarding the Sandwich Islands were only a flight of fancy. At all events his account is corroborated by the uniform evidence of disinterested travellers, and by the admissions of the missionaries themselves, as will appear in the course of this article. Let it be remembered, however, that in the second edition of Typee, the passages reflecting most severely upon the Sandwich Island missions, were *expunged*. And whoever may have thus aimed to prevent the dissemination of truth, that hypocrisy might flourish a little longer, let him be held up to deserved rebuke and scorn.

(pull, pull). The old gentleman, frightened at the sound, labors away harder than ever; and the younger one makes a great show of straining himself, but takes care to keep one eye on his mistress, in order to know when to dodge out of harm's way. At last the good lady loses all patience; 'Hookee! hookee!' and rap goes the heavy handle of her huge fan over the naked skull of the old savage; while the young one shies to one side and keeps beyond its range. But all in vain, and she is obliged in the end to dismount, and, sad necessity, actually to walk to the top of the hill.

"At the town, where this paragon of humility resides, is a spacious and elegant American chapel, where divine service is regularly performed. Twice every Sabbath, towards the close of the exercises, may be seen a score or two of little wagons ranged along the railing in front of the edifice, with two squalid native footmen, in the livery of nakedness, standing by each, and waiting for the dismissal of the congregation to draw their superiors home!"

These are some of the "legitimate *weapons* of spiritual warfare!" Mr. Melville is sustained in this improbable story by a number of writers, who surely could not have conspired to invent a piece of fiction so incredible. Such a spectacle was well calculated to incline Mr. Melville against 'certain tea-party excitements,' where—"Benevolent-looking gentlemen in white cravats solicit alms, and old ladies in spectacles, and young ladies in sober russet gowns, contribute sixpences towards the creation of a fund, the object of which is to ameliorate the spiritual condition of the Polynesian, but whose end has almost invariably been to accomplish their temporal destruction!"

No wonder he should insinuate in another part of his book, "that four or five Marquesan Islanders sent to the United States as missionaries, might be quite as useful, as an equal number of Americans despatched to the islands in a similar capacity." He proceeds, after disclaiming any hostility to Christianity and sincerely praying its pure and proper dissemination, to say:

"There is something apparently wrong in the practical operation of the Sandwich Island mission. Those, who from pure religious motives contribute to the support of this enterprise, should take care to ascertain, that their donations, flowing through many devious channels, at last effect their legitimate object, the conversion of the Hawaiians. I urge this, not because I doubt the moral probity of those who disburse these funds, but because I know they are not rightly applied. To read pathetic accounts of missionary hardships, and glowing descriptions of conversions and bap'isms taking place beneath palm-trees, is one thing; and to go to the Sandwich Islands and see the missionaries dwelling in picturesque and prettily-furnished coral-rock villas, whilst the miserable natives are committing all sorts of immorality around them is quite another."

The European costume of the chiefs has been an argument to prove the enlightenment of the Hawaiian, and the efficacy of the mission. Mr. Melville shows that it only displays the folly of the chief and the avarice of the parson. The chief is willing to part with his sandal-wood and his pearls, to purchase a gilded trinket, a coat and pantaloons; and his spiritual adviser eagerly gratifies the unsophisticated neophyte. The missionary exacts an exorbitant price for his Christian merchandise, for he will not condescend, with the wily Jesuit, to *bribe* the savage with a largess; and the covetous chief taxes and overtasks his inferiors to raise money to purchase the prize. Thus, the finery of the principal men, is but an index of the want and slavery of the people.

Mr. Melville has placed upon its proper footing the "provisional cession" of the Islands to Lord George Paulet in 1843. The distortion of this circumstance, is another sample of the unscrupulous and

systematic misrepresentations unblushingly circulated by the mission. A series of insults to the English consul at Honolulu, had induced the commander-in-chief on the Pacific station to despatch Lord George Paulet, in the Carysfort frigate, to Honolulu. Paulet requested an interview with the king, and was referred to Dr. Judd, "a sanctimonious apothecary adventurer, high in the royal confidence." The officer recoiled from the proposal, and again requested, in most respectful terms, access to the monarch himself. Being again refused, he penned a third epistle, specifying the grievances and demanding instant redress under pain of immediate hostilities. The king in reply, proposed the "provisional cession," subject to the result of the negotiations then pending in London. Paulet took his majesty at his word and assumed the administration. The moderation, firmness and benevolence, which had made him the idol of his ship, endeared him to native and foreigner. But whilst he was regenerating the island, the baffled missionaries were "appealing in oriental phrase to the *wide universe* to witness their unparalleled *wrongs*." The morality of the island at the time of the arrival of the Carysfort, may be inferred from this one fact:—the fort had been filled with young girls imprisoned for invasions of the Connecticut blue laws; yet these victims of hypocrisy were secretly conveyed at night on board the merchantmen in the harbor, by Kekuanoa, the governor of the island and one of the pillars of the church, the very man who pretended to punish their indiscretions, and who incarcerated them that they might expiate their sins. Their mouths were silenced by a portion of the profits of this fiendish traffic, the bulk of which enriched the governor, and—it is said—the government. As a supplement to this fact, Mr. Melville adds, "that the principal revenue of the Hawaiian government is derived from the fine levied upon, or rather the licenses taken out by vice, the prosperity of which is linked with that of the government. Were the people to become virtuous, the authorities would become poor; but from present indications there is little apprehension to be entertained on that score."

Paulet remained in office five months, when Admiral Thomas arriving and effecting an arrangement with the authorities, which dispensed with the continuance of the "provisional cession," the islands were formally restored to their ancient rulers. The restoration was greeted with a jubilee, resembling rather the fabled revels of ghoules and vampires than human rejoicings. "The laws," says the governor, with a sardonic grin, "are—*hampa*—tied up!" For ten consecutive days, moral, legal and religious restraint were solemnly declared to be suspended. The spectacle of universal broad day debauchery beggared description. Deeds too foul for record were done at noonday in the open streets; arrested thieves were liberated by magistrates, who bade them welcome to their stolen goods. "Who," exclaims Mr. Melville, "that happened to be at Honolulu during those ten memorable days, will ever forget them!" These Polynesian Saturnalia were indeed a fitting sequel to the orgies that hailed the death of Kaahumanu, and proclaim quite as loudly, the *efficiency* of the American Protestant mission. Yet these enormities, which eclipse the rites of Cotytto, have been presented to an American public as a season of festivity attending the restoration. The *universal* debauchery and the return to idolatry in 1832, showed that up to that time the missionaries had most lamentably failed: and this corresponding debauchery in 1844 demonstrates that the mass of the diminished population was in deeper depravity than before the introduction of Christianity. But we have other evidence respecting the conduct of these missionaries.

Paulet received the unqualified approbation of his commander and his government, and to this day the Hawaiian *people* revere his memory and sigh for his liberal

and paternal sway. Yet Paulet has been only known to us as a tyrannical usurper, —we only hear of the "*black muzzles of his guns*,"—and a writer in the Democratic Review of 1843, misled by missionary invective, suggests a doubt whether the islands will ever be rescued from the jaws of John Bull. It cannot much longer be concealed, that both Laplace and Paulet contended for the liberty and happiness of the islanders, and the missionaries for their slavery to feudal chiefs and consequent misery.

With our acknowledgments to Mr. Melville, we turn from his well written volumes, to "A Letter on the importance of settling the Sandwich Islands, by T. Horton James."* Mr. James informs us, that he was warmly attached to the South Sea missions, until personal observation convinced him of the worthlessness of that at the Sandwich Islands. His conclusions respecting it are thus set down:—"In short, civilization as it exists at the Sandwich Islands, under the mismanagement of the American missionaries, is only another word for *extinction*. The bulk of the people are in a state bordering on starvation, because the adults are taken away from their inclosures of taro and potatoes to learn to read and spell; thus beginning at the wrong end—and the time that should be devoted to the agricultural and mechanical arts, is now fruitlessly wasted in teaching old men of seventy to spell—*a-b—ab*—and where one naturally looks for the outward signs of industry, the spade, the hoe, the fishing net, &c., there is nothing but a vain and idle exhibition of the *palapala*, or spelling-book bought of the missionaries at a high price. In fact, the whole system, with an honorable exception or two, is nothing but a money making fraud, and instead of tending to the benefit of the wretched people, may be considered almost as a visitation of wrath, and a direct cause of the depopulation before spoken of. First, by a tax on marriage, much above the means of nine-tenths of the people, which tax is not received by the king or government, such as it is, to be disbursed and circulated again, but goes directly into the pockets of the missionaries to be hoarded by them, and taken out of the country, when they have sufficiently feathered their nests; and by denouncing eternal torments on those who marry according to the ancient usages, that is without paying a dollar to the reverend fathers. Second, by starvation; employing the natives four days out of the seven in useless school learning, or otherwise taking them from the cultivation of the soil. Third, by disease, since being cut off by the missionaries from bathing, which in that climate is almost as essential to existence as fresh air, the natives, from being the fine healthy people they were in Cook's time, are now covered with vermin and scorbutic eruptions. Fourth, by being forbidden to practise their innocent sports, and being chained down to a mode of life which is contrary to their nature, their spirit is broken, and they have now become listless and enervated; and should the present system continue, there will, ere long, be none but the white population for the missionaries to preach to."

We might have adverted before to the rapid depopulation of the Hawaiian group, but we preferred placing the explanation given by Mr. Jarves, beside the reasons just transcribed. In the year 1779, the period of Cook's arrival, the native population was over four hundred thousand; in 1823, one hundred and forty-two thousand; in 1832, one hundred and thirty thousand; in 1836, one hundred and eight thousand: making an average decrease of five thousand a year! At this rate, fifty years hence some worthy successor of Cooper, may weave a tale of "*The last of the Hawaiians*." The causes assigned by Mr. James, are—heathen wars,—the cutting and carrying of sandal wood,—building churches,—the wars of Kamehameha I,—*death from want of exertion*

* Literary Gazette. See U. S. Catholic Miscellany, vol. xii, p. 157, November, 1832.

to live,—disease,—alcohol,—pestilence,—and the adoption of foreign clothing. A comparison of this account with that submitted by Mr. James, will defeat Mr. Jarves' abortive effort to throw a veil over the true main agent in the work of Hawaiian extirpation—the American Protestant mission.

Dr. Meyen, a German physician, in his "Voyage round the World," which has been favorably reviewed in the Foreign and London Quarterlies, is not less severe in his strictures upon this corrupt mission. Speaking of Mr. Bingham and his associates, he says: "They have undermined the prosperity of the country, instead of promoting it; they have banished hospitality, one of the most attractive qualities of these children of nature, expelled mirth and joyousness from these happy isles, and introduced in its stead, a religion of which the natives have no distinct notion." He describes Mr. Bingham "as a proud ecclesiastic, conscious of possessing temporal as well as spiritual authority, and who, in the feeling of his own consequence, neglects the usual forms of social politeness." The following passage illustrates the poverty of these godly men:—"The residences of the reigning family are extremely miserable in comparison with the handsome and elegantly furnished houses of the missionaries, where we find varnished floors, fine pianos and beautiful paintings. Who has supplied the missionaries who were sent to the Sandwich Islands as very poor persons, with the funds of these luxuries?" The London Quarterly abandons the defence, disclaiming all responsibility for the vices of North Americans.

But the worthlessness of this mission can be deduced from the confessions of its own members. A digest of a portion of this testimony shall conclude this protracted article. It is admitted, by them, that the natives of the principal island, Hawaii, are generally as unenlightened as they were forty years ago;* that the people of Mauii "drink iniquity like water," and are withheld from idolatry and crime only by the civil arm;* that in Molokai, the claims of the Gospel, whatever influence it may have had at its first introduction, are entirely disregarded;† that at Honolulu itself, the chosen city, the great mass of the people were engaged in rioting and drunkenness for several months, drinking, fighting, burning houses, and the like—that heathen gods are worshipped at the wayside,—and that three idolators, *residing within two miles* of the fountain of the mission, were *imprisoned* in 1836;‡ that, in Hamakua Hawaii, not far from the meeting house, the natives fled from a missionary as though he were a *destroying* monster, (?) and sported with holy things, crying out,—"we are all blind here, and don't want the Bible!"—in the district of Kaawaloa, six in two thousand appeared to welcome the truth;§ that, the words of Watts apply to the multitude at Hawaii,—"Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;‖—that, the *demand* for books is not so good as was expected, and that as the people did not come to buy of their own accord, efforts were made to get them into their hands;¶—that the poor among the islanders, like the widow, parted with their last shilling to fit out a mission to the Marquesas;**—that, the leaders of the mission begin to doubt more and more whether sermonizing to assembled thousands and putting the Scriptures into the hands of all, enable them to say—we are clear of their blood—if they perish, the fault is theirs, not ours;—that the natives need much familiar instruction in the first principles of the Gospel and in all that is lovely and of good report,—and that if Bibles and tracts are sent forth, while teachers and preachers are wanting, it is, in the figure of Hall, throwing sickles in-

* Jarves, p. 262. Miss. Herald, 1835, p. 114.

* Missionary Herald, 1835, p. 464.
† Idem, p. 258.
‡ Herald, 1836, p. 257.
§ Ibid. pp. 148, 433.
‖ Ibid. 1835, p. 464.
¶ Ibid. 1836, p. 432.
** Ibid. 1835, p. 396. General letter of the Mission.

to the field of grain, with no men to wield them;*—that the Hawaiians are sinking rapidly into the grave, and *but few are saved*;†—that it is found from experience that the world is not so easily converted as was once supposed,‡ probably because appeals louder than peals of thunder sent forth from lands beclouded in the night of Mohammedanism, popery and paganism, have failed to draw forth the gold and silver that are cankered, and which should wake up the energies of the church for the conversion of the world.§

Such is the imperfect sketch of the history of the Sandwich Islands which we have been able to glean from Mr. Jarves' work and the narratives of travellers. Mr. Jarves, obedient to the prolix spirit of the age, which, always ambitious to expand instead of laboring to condense, animates the pulpit, the bar, the bench, the senate, has evolved four hundred pages of bad invective and worse apology. Dickens' Notes can, with as much propriety, be called a history of America, as this volume a history of the Sandwich Islands. It is dull and uninstructive; and we fear that we have reflected all its insipidity. The other accounts referred to, being taken from sources where they are but incidental to other topics, are of course somewhat meagre. Hawaiian history, like the history of England and of all other countries whose literature was Protestant, has yet to be written.

Still we have obtained a partial insight into the subject of inquiry. We saw the heathen Hawaiian, brave, generous, and intellectual;—we see his pristine valor succeeded by a broken spirit, his hospitality by niggardliness, his genius by stupidity. We saw him, unaided by Christianity, triumphing over the bonds of superstition and idolatry; we see him, after twenty years of Protestant training, returning to his vomit. In 1820, the group sustained a numerous and healthy people,—now it scarcely supports the scrofulous relics of its fast vanishing sons. When we are told, that in the year 1829 one hundred and fourteen thousand copies of hymns, spelling books and bibles were published, amounting to more than four million pages, that there were six hundred schools and forty thousand scholars, a hundred converts and a thousand marriages,*—we know how to estimate the brazen cheat. What empty verbiage, to one who has discovered, that the schools are filled at the sacrifice of agriculture, that the books are forced upon the natives at an extravagant price, and that vice is encouraged by the governor and connived at by the government! We can arrive at the motive of the cries of these missionaries for some of the cankered mammon, when we are told, that if gratuitous contributions of money for charitable purposes to a large amount annually, constitute a Christian nation, the Hawaiians may claim that distinction; and that in addition to these gratuitous contributions of money for charitable purposes, five hundred thousand dollars have been devoted by the American Board of Foreign Missions to the Sandwich branch.† It is no longer a mystery that the house of the head missionary at Honolulu should contain twenty thousand dollars worth of property. We cannot now be deceived with sparkling notices of conversions under palm trees and the spiritual amelioration of the Hawaiians, when we sicken over the remembrance of the flood of debauchery loosened by the death of Kaahumanu and the bestial crimes, sanctioned under the name of a jubilee, which hailed the recession.

And yet this mission has been held up to the world as an evidence of what Protestantism can accomplish! The eyes of Christendom have been directed to Honolulu, in admiration of the divine results of a few devoted heralds of the cross! But

* Herald, 1835, p. 105. Annual Report.
† Ibid. p. 104.
‡ Ibid. 1836, p. 105.
Ibid. 1835, p. 150.

* Hist. of Protestant Missions, vol. ii, p. 313.
† Jarves, pp. 356, 357.

the scorn of the world must soon follow its glance. A body of men in a remote island, sheltered by the ægis of religion, may for a time deceive a sympathetic public. A well conducted and boldly managed system of fraud and rapine, may long lurk beneath the exterior coat of self-denial and humility. But the deception cannot last for ever. Men may listen awhile to the syren, but they learn to bind themselves to the mast. The palace of Aladdin may gleam and glitter for a day in unrivalled beauty, but it disappears in the morning of truth. If we touch the seeming angel with the spear of Ithuriel, it starts up like Satan at the ear of Eve. At a distance it may show fair enough, but like Red Sea fruits, it turns to ashes as we grasp it. There is as much difference between the Hawaiian mission of fancy and the Hawaiian mission of fact, as between the Major's Cleopatra in the morning and Mrs. Skewton at night. Let the missionaries beware, or the glass house they have raised will be shivered about their heads. Men cannot always be blinded; credulity itself must not be outraged. The sore has been well gilded, but the canker spreads and must sooner or later betray itself.

It is not a desire to contrast this recreant mission with the labors of Catholics, that has induced us to expose, in some degree, its lamentable consequences. A blot upon the escutcheon of humanity can never be a foil to the virtues of Catholicity. Our object has been to remove much of the misconception that prevails in relation to this subject, arising out of the artful reports of those most interested in the matter. Time must reveal much that is still unknown, and unfold how completely the *islander*, not the missionary, was the martyr. In a few years, the graves and tombstones of the extinct Hawaiians may be the only monuments of the American Sandwich Islands' Mission.

THE CATHOLIC BRIDE,

OR, MORAL LETTERS ADDRESSED TO JULIA, DAUGHTER OF COUNT SOLARO DELLA MARGARITA, ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE TO COUNT EDUARDO DEMORRI DI CASTEL MAGNO.

Translated from the Italian, for this Magazine, by Charles Constantine Pise, D. D.

LETTER VI.

From the Bishop of Asti.

SO FAIR a flower of your distinguished family, as you, young Julia, a flower which grew and was fostered under a father's care in the garden of home, and afterwards expanded and blossomed under the cultivation of the Virgin-Sisters of the Sacred Heart, cannot fail to diffuse the sweetest fragrance, and be a consolation to your illustrious family, and an ornament to the bridal hall. And heaven will bestow those fruits invoked upon you by the benediction of that nuptial tie, which binds you to your excellent spouse. May you be enriched with its choicest blessings, and its fertile dews. Meanwhile permit me to share in the common exultation at your truly auspicious marriage: and I beg you to accept the following tribute, a familiar essay made up of some reflections on moral education; a subject which should claim the attention of every philanthropist, and of every Christian.

May your days be ever as fortunate and happy, as I can wish them to be, while I invoke upon you the benedictions of heaven.

† FILIPPO, *Bishop of Asti.*

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MORAL REFLECTIONS.

By the same.

I AM in the habit of contemplating, with astonishment, those prodigies of painting and sculpture which adorn our churches, our galleries, and the palaces of the great: and I cannot but reflect how persevering has been the industry of their authors, whose works, as it were, animated with life, are destined to be immortal. And I am led to say to myself: why is it that the rough canvass and the cold marble are wrought into the perfect resemblance of men, while parents often take but little if any pains to preserve in their children the original likeness and lineaments of man! Here, such a variety of coloring and shades, or such untiring patience in the use of the chisel, lest there should be the slightest want of symmetry, of expression, and especially of the character of the figures which start into life under the art of the painter or the sculptor: and in parents no care to form the speech and conduct of their children according to a truly Christian model, and, often so lamentable a neglect of them, that their offspring, deformed by the ugliness of every vice, hardly retain the image of himself which God engraved on their foreheads, and grow up a ruin in society, and a scandal to religion! How is that man, who, if I may thus speak, imparts education to inanimate and irrational nature, who compels the earth to supply his alimentary wants; the plants to lose by cultivation, their original wildness; the elements air, water, fire, gas, vapor, to minister to his ends; the deadliest poisons to assume the character of sanitary remedies;—how is it, that man who can tame the savage beasts, can yoke the ox, and bridle the steed, and chain the lion, and cage the tiger, and goad the elephant;—that man, not satisfied with ruling the earth, and extending his dominion upon the sea, but scans the very heavens, reaching the stars, and commanding the sun,—that man, in a word, who, by education, conquers and masters any thing, bestows so little thought upon the education of his children, the tender offspring of his own person? Ah! in vain, says the author of Ecclesiasticus, in vain do you put your hopes and your delight in your children, if they are not brought up in the fear of God. The fear of God is the source of all wisdom. But in the estimation of some, this is regarded as an obsolete truth, a maxim no longer in use, and by such education is neglected. That kind of education I mean, which contemplates especially the government of the heart, and the forming of morals; and which, if not cherished in families as the root and nutriment of learning, will be inculcated in vain, from the pulpit and the altar. This Christian education is very different from that external probity, which teaches men to appear, but not in reality to be, profoundly virtuous; education, without which the most interesting qualities of the child, genius, beauty, and acquirements will become the fatal instruments of refined destruction; education, in fine, which parents are bound to give, whose authority is the purest and most ancient image of the divine authority, and who are, accordingly, styled "visible gods" of their families, by the sacred Scriptures. A thousand times blessed are those children who are born in the bosom of a truly pious family! They will one day become parents, too, of children, who will be the consolation of their families, of the church, and of their country.

You, dear Julia, who have been favored with so rare a treasure, have only to call to mind how you have been educated by your excellent parents, in order to educate well the children whom heaven may design to bless you with. And as the example of the faults of others is a useful school of virtue,—going as you are from

the bosom of your family, which I venerate as the sanctuary of the Christian and social virtues, to the bridal hall, I request you to make with me, as with others who are truly wise, some familiar reflections on the education of children. And as the dove that went from the ark, you will perch on the olive tree, viewing with commiseration the clod which you have left under your feet, and you will carry with you into your native air some of the branches of that tree of peace, which at a later period will impart solace and honor to the declining years of your beloved parents.

The universal Father of all mankind, God, deigned to make fathers his companions in the government of families: and Jesus Christ associated them, in some measure, in his quality of Redeemer, because they are, together with himself, saviours of their own children. Because he confirms in heaven the commands given by them, entices children by the promise of the sweetest rewards, and terrifies them by the menaces of the severest punishments: he blends his benediction with that of the parents, and declares that the malediction of a mother will exterminate a family. Sacred and precious is the treasure which parents receive as it were on deposite, in the children that are born to them, and they will be required to restore it to God, before they are rewarded or punished for the manner they have preserved it. If even a well regulated education is sometimes not sufficient to guard the virtues of childhood against the vices of youth, what will be the case, if through the fault of parents, the burning passions take possession of a heart void of all religious convictions, and a stranger to the fear of God: or if by an opposite extreme, equally to be deplored, they place their children from their cradle in the way of perdition, which they pursue even to the tomb.

One word about the different kinds of virtuous parents. There are some so cruel, that it would seem they have given life to their children only to torment them: these are impetuous and austere, and will make no allowances for the weaknesses of their age, and make no concession to their reasonable desires. There are others, too easy and condescending, who love their children with a blind affection, and refuse them nothing. There are others so avaricious, that by their closeness and penurious rigor keep their children in a low and vulgar condition, where they form friendships fatal at once to their honor and their substance. On the contrary, there are others who are voluptuaries, and bequeathe no other legacy to their children, but the pernicious example of their gratification, and the torture of not being able to emulate them. There are others capricious and unjust, who, lavishing their favors upon one favorite child, make the others victims of an unhappy aversion, which begets rancor, envy, and fraternal discord. There is an infinite variety of others, whom I should not style by the name of fathers, but tyrants of their families, who draw out as if from the urn of fate the destiny of their children, and bind them like slaves to that state, to which neither nature nor heaven has called them: one to the bar, another to the camp, another to the marriage life, and another, from his very cradle, to the sanctuary or the cloister: and thus do they raise a sacrilegious hand to strike some Isaac, contrary to the will of heaven, and against his own consent. I trust there are few belonging to this inhuman class. And yet what do we see around us?—We see mothers, who, in order to rid themselves of the trouble of nursing their own offspring, consign them to the charge of mercenary hirelings, from whose breasts they suck with their milk, vulgar prejudices, and plebeian errors; and what is still worse, (if what is related of Alexander the great be true; that he was a drunkard and died of the effects of wine, because he had been suckled by a woman who indulged too freely in its use,) to servants and uncouth domestics, who too often are

destitute of probity, and calculated to spoil the finest disposition; who found their hopes on the caprices and disorders of the rising rulers of the house, whom they incite to evil in order to reap the fruits of their own malice; to the hands of strangers in fine, who are paid to keep the children at a distance from their parents, and who earn for them, in a certain manner, the right of forgetting them, erroneously persuading themselves that the burden will be light to a stranger which they themselves consider too heavy to be borne, or that sordid interest will secure to their offspring that good which the most sacred love withholds from them. And even though, in spite of so many difficulties in the education of children, the result should turn out fortunately, what object have parents in bestowing it upon them? To provide every thing for them except what relates to God. They seem to fear that piety would disgrace them in the world, to please which, they yield to all that it exacts, and do not hesitate to color its vices with attractive names; dissipation they style urbanity, ambition magnanimity, immodesty levity, rashness courage, obstinacy constancy, prodigality goodness of heart, gallantry amiability. And on the contrary, not satisfied with this deception, they vilify virtue, by calling temperance rusticity, modesty vulgarity, forgiveness cowardice, and respect for the clergy, devotion at church, and frequentation of the sacraments, bigotry and simplicity. They rejoice in their hearts, to see their children grow up independent, loquacious, disdainful of advice and correction, provided they can glitter in society. Unhappy parents! Too late do they reap the bitter fruits of such an education. Let them wait until their children can throw off the parental yoke; let them wait till they find they have no farther need of their parents, and when they see them laboring under the infirmities of age, and then let them tell me whether the education which the world prescribes, is such as their hearts would desire. Ah! when in a family the mother becomes decrepit, and the father unable to govern his house, they will be objects of contempt to their children; they will be compelled to drink of the bitter chalice of sorrow, but the fault will be their own. To them it may be said, the ingratitude of your children is the effect of your own folly. You yourselves have armed them against you, and, too late do you think of that religion which you neglected to teach them. It is but natural that parents who were so reckless should be punished with rebellious children, and to no purpose do the Hagars complain of the Ishmaels, or the Jacobs of the Dinas, or the Davids of the Absaloms, if to themselves the irreligion and rebellion of their children can be imputed. And in vain will they have taught the theory of virtue and religion if their example has destroyed the effect of their instructions. It is easier for children to imitate their parents than to believe them. They inherit their passions, and as they succeed to their name, so do they likewise to their vices, as has been well remarked by Salvian: and the sacred oracles tell us that the father will live in the son, and the mother in the daughter. A merciful judgment sometimes cuts off in the bloom, some son, ere the malice of his father could corrupt his spotless mind; and sometimes the too cruel love of a mother by her excessive indulgence sacrifices her daughter, the hope and beauty of the family, a victim to untimely disease. And what does it avail that her miserable parents bathe her cold ashes with their useless tears? Let them rather mourn over their own guilt, or at least over that weakness which was the cause of her early death. They have blighted the lovely flower which was destined to flourish in the dew of heaven.

The house, accordingly, becomes solitary: among their palaces and treasures they seek in vain for a child of their love, who may inherit them, a likeness that may represent them. In their stead, they see at hand, strangers as it were grasping

at the spoils, and in their withered ears will ring the voice of their ancestors reproaching them for having sealed their tomb for ever! Should heaven permit them to enjoy the object of their most cruel indulgence, what use will they make of it? To render them the victims of the blindest affection. In them they will recognise no vice,—they will find an excuse and a palliation for every defect. Alas, how deluded! Should a servant of the house dare to strike their darling child, they will instantly inflict on that menial the severest chastisement: and while vice tyrannizes over them and leads them to ruin; whilst he is the prey to passions that consume him, they remain tranquil, and leave him to defend himself in the midst of all the dangers of the world, and of corrupt society. Do they perhaps confide in the good disposition of their children? Ah! gloomy caverns, deep solitudes, sackcloth and ashes, could not always be a protection to the hermits of the desert or the ministers of the sanctuary, of whom some have perished in the shadow of the cloister, and at the foot of the altar: and notwithstanding this, can we entertain a hope that young worldlings badly educated and trained up, will not fall? that the frail reed will not be snapped by the whirlwind that often tears from its roots the cedar of Lebanon? In the world every thing leads to seduction, and furnishes aliment to the passions. Conversation betrays it, company fosters it, fashion authorises it, interest inflames it, the example of many of the great and noble sustains and adds lustre to it. The fine arts themselves are frequently made the means of the corruption of the heart. Painting sometimes displays its beauteous colorings to this end: to this, full often, poesy spreads out all the graces of the muse, music sends forth all the harmonies of song; and marble and bronze are shaped into voluptuous forms, which art immortalizes, and the philosophy of fashion defends and praises.

What then? must parents keep their children always shut up at home, or immured in cloisters? By no means. But they should treat the world as they would an enemy, and put into their hands a shield of defence against the dangers that surround them. Let us imitate the sparrow, said a great Italian orator. Do you not observe that bird, that makes himself a citizen of our roofs? He sometimes lights upon the ground—poor little thing—forced by necessity to seek his sustenance there. But as he knows that the ground is for him a treacherous place, where nets are spread, and traps are set, to catch him, he is ever timid, looks carefully around him, and with the grain in his beak, flies back into the air. Thus we, who are made for heaven, should be as pilgrims on this faithless earth, until we return to our celestial country: and thus, we should be the masters, instead of the slaves, of this wretched world. The young especially as pliable as wax to every impression, should be fortified against the corruptions and passions of the world, particularly those that are pleasing and apparently innocent. For it has been remarked by a celebrated writer, that there are moments when the young mind is so disposed that it will seize upon any thing that has the appearance of pleasure; not unlike a flower which is hardly blown ere it abandons itself, on its tender stem, to the first zephyr that passes over it, and carries off its sweetest fragrance. Ah! those dangerous moments when the passions begin to be developed, should be guarded with timid caution. For it is then that they are exposed to cunning wiles, or open malice; and parents should not forget the lines of the poet:

> How easily a high-born soul may be
> A captive taken, when it stands alone,
> And in the threatening danger there is none
> To shield and save it from the enemy:

I am aware that the greatest vigilance of parents cannot rescue their children from the perils that beset them: but I likewise know that children who have received a proper education, do not begin to sin with-

out trembling; and when their passions cool, their piety and reason warm up anew the sacred fire in their breasts which has not been extinguished, but smothered for a time. Nor am I ignorant, that the best parents, sometimes, are not blessed in the conduct of their children, but frequently their prayers will ultimately effect what their precepts could not accomplish. The prayer of Monica—that unceasing and victorious prayer which won Augustine to the church—will stand a perpetual monument to such parents of instruction and of consolation.

For the rest, if Quintilian, when he saw the youth of Rome becoming a prey to voluptuousness, foretold, that that boundless empire, the mistress of the world, would fall under the weight of her own vices; if inflamed with patriotic love, and magnanimous courage, he dared attribute their vices to the example of their parents, and to denounce the licentiousness of manners that prevailed, until Rome cried out for incorruptible judges, intrepid soldiers, worthy citizens, and the return of her primeval virtues and glory—if, I say, Quintilian acted thus, what can we, enlightened by the Gospel, anticipate for our country or the church, when we behold the spectacle of corruption that has spread among our youth? Or what can we say of parents who style themselves Catholics—vicious parents of a more vicious offspring—but repeat the predictions of Horace to the Romans of his time.

Since, then, all the virtues of well educated children will be reputed as a crown and reward to their parents, so shall the vices of the former redound to the condemnation of the latter: for at their hands God shall require the blood of their children. And although they themselves might have been virtuous, their virtues will avail nought, if they had not that of educating their children in the fear of God. What would be sufficient to sanctify a Levite in the temple, a solitary or a virgin in the cloister, will not suffice for the salvation of a father or mother of a family, because they owe to nature, to society, and to religion, the proper education of their children. And, although the laws of men be silent, children themselves who have been betrayed by their parents, will cry to heaven for vengeance. We had fathers, they will say, but rather were they executioners. By their example, or by their connivance, they led us to the path of perdition. They gave us the life of the body only to deprive us of that of the soul. Cursed be the day on which they ushered us into the world! Cursed their love which has brought down upon us the hatred of our heavenly Father!

But these lamentations are little in accordance with your nuptial joys, respected Julia. My soul takes courage, and is comforted, at the sacred union which you have entered upon with your distinguished spouse, a true model of husbands, who would be dear to mortals and to angels. If piously educated children be the glory of their fathers, as we are informed by the sacred oracles, your illustrious parents have, thus far, reaped the sweetest fruits of their care and affection: fruits which you yourself must, likewise, partake of: for replete with pious hopes are the eulogies lavished by Solomon, in the name of God, upon a wise and "valiant" woman: she will secure the happiness of her home, she will be a blessing to her husband's heart, she will smooth the cares of the conjugal state, she will infuse sweetness into the bitterness of life's chalice, and she will surround and adorn her chamber "with young olives"—the lovely children with which heaven shall bless her love.

† Filippo, *Bishop of Asti.*

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL,

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

BY B. U. CAMPBELL.

Continued from page 486.

IN EXTENUATION of the intolerance of the inhabitants of New England and of the "keen resentment" of which F. Rale was the victim, Dr. Francis refers to the law of New York, passed in 1700, for excluding "popish priests and French Jesuits" from that province:—although more than half a century *before*, viz. in 1647, a law was passed in Massachusetts, enacting "that no Jesuit or ecclesiastical person ordained by the authority of the pope or see of Rome, shall henceforth, at any time, repair to, or come within this jurisdiction, under penalty of banishment or otherwise as the court shall see cause;" and for a conviction of a return after banishment, such person "shall be put to death."*

In 1700 another act was passed by the legislature of Massachusetts, to eject all Jesuit priests and popish missionaries out of the province on or before the 10th September, 1700;—penalty, perpetual imprisonment, and on being retaken after escape, to be "punished with death."†

In his biography of F. Rale, Dr. Francis observes, "The French colonists appear to have preoccupied the favor of the natives, and to have retained it more uniformly than the English. Rale willingly persuaded himself that this partiality was owing to their rooted attachment to the church. Convenience and advantage, he says, would have led them to connexions with the English, to whose settlements they were much nearer than to Quebec. But in despite of these motives of interest, their faith was infinitely dearer to them than any thing else; and the dread of losing the offices of their religion, and sinking back to their former heathenism, bound their hearts fast to the Canadians.

"Doubtless the missionary overrated not a little the piety of his Indians, and the permanent effect of religious motives on their feelings. But some of the English themselves saw and confessed their error in not having made, sooner and more effectually, the spiritual good of the eastern natives an object of interest. 'God,' says Penhallow, 'has made them a terrible scourge for the punishment of our sins; and probably that very sin of ours in neglecting the welfare of their souls. For we have not expressed the like laudable care for them as hath been done in the southern and western parts of the country. But indeed we have rather aimed to advance a private trade, than to instruct them in the principles of true religion. This brings to my remembrance a remarkable saying of one of their chief sachems, when, a little before the war broke out, I asked wherefore it was they were so much bigoted to the French, considering their traffic with them was not so advantageous as with the English. He gravely replied, "that the friars taught them to pray, but the English never did."'* The character of the people on the eastern frontier of New England is said to have been less religious than in

* See the act at large in Hazard, vol. i, p. 550.
† Acts and laws Mass. Bay, vol. iv, p. 107.

* *Indian Wars*, Coll. of N. H. Hist. Soc. vol. i, p. 19.

other parts. Their conduct and example were but ill adapted to secure the affections of the red men."*

In the year 1698 the Indians, probably by assistance from Quebec, had a chapel built at Norridgwock. Massachusetts complained of this as a French encroachment; "but I know not for what reason," says Hutchinson, "except their having a Frenchman for their priest can be thought one." Till this chapel was erected, Rale had used the rude and simple one in which he began his ministry at that place.†

Previous to the breaking out of hostilities between England and France—between 1703 and 1713—Gov. Dudley held a conference with the Indians at Casco, in Maine, at which Father Rale was present—he says, "The governor took me aside and said, 'I beg you, sir, not to induce your Indians to make war upon us.' I answered him, that my religion and my character as priest bound me to give them only counsels of peace." When the news of war arrived from Quebec, two hundred and fifty of the Christian Indians prepared for battle, and after celebrating their war feast, upon a day appointed for the purpose, they approached the sacrament of penance. "I exhorted them," says F. Rale, "to maintain the same interest in their religion as if they were at home; to observe carefully the laws of war; to practise no cruelty; to kill no one, except in the heat of battle; and to treat their prisoners humanely."

Without referring to the atrocities committed by both parties further than to portray the character of the venerable missionary, and his fate—it is necessary to state, that in the winter of 1705, when the snow was four feet deep, a party under command of Col. Hilton attempted to surprise Norridgwock, but finding it deserted of all its inhabitants, they burned the chapel, the priest's residence, and all the wigwams.

* Belknap's *History of New Hampshire*, vol. ii, p. 47.
† Francis, p. 227.

On the restoration of peace in 1713, the Indians began to think of rebuilding their church, and sent a deputation of several of their principal men to Boston to hire workmen; promising to pay them liberally for their labor. Father Rale's account of this embassy is so spirited, that his own words should be given:

"The governor received them with every demonstration of friendship, and was very kind to them. He said: 'I will rebuild your church for you, and use you much better than the French governor has done, whom you call your father. He ought to rebuild it, because he got it destroyed, by inducing you to go to war with me. For I only defend myself as I can; whereas he, after making use of you to defend himself, abandons you. I will treat you much better: I will not only give you workmen, but I will pay them myself, and be at all the expense of your building. But as it is not reasonable that an Englishman should build your church without also sending an Englishman to teach you prayer, I will send you one that you will like, and you may send back to Quebec the French priest who is in your village.'

"The deputy from our savages replied, 'Your words surprise me, and I am astonished at the proposal you make me. When you first came into this country, you saw us long enough before the French people became acquainted with us; and neither your predecessors nor your ministers ever spoke a word to us about God or religion. You saw my furs, elk, and beaver skins, and you thought of nothing else. These you looked after so eagerly that I could not furnish you enough: and when I brought many I was your great friend, and this was all! On the other hand, my canoe one day went astray and I lost myself; I wandered a long time at hazard until I found myself near Quebec, in a great village of the Algonquins, which the black gowns teach. I was loaded with furs; the French black gown [priest] did not even look at them, but

began to speak to me of God, of heaven, of hell, of prayer, which is the only means of coming to heaven. I heard him with pleasure, and liked his conversation so well, that I stayed a long time there to hear him. In fine, I liked his religion, received instructions, demanded baptism and received it. After this, I return to my own country and tell what has happened to me. They envy my happiness and wish to partake; they go and fetch the black gown to baptize them. This is the way the French used me. If, as soon as you had seen me, you had spoken to me of prayer, I should have had the misfortune to have prayed like you: for I should not then have known whether your religion was good. So I tell you, I have my religion from the Frenchman—I like it—and I will keep it until the earth shall be destroyed by fire. You may keep your workmen, your money and your ministers to yourselves, and I will go to the French governor, my father, and he will let me have them.'"

Colonel Shute, who was appointed governor of Massachusetts by George I in 1716, invited the eastern Indians to a conference which was held at the mouth of the Kennebec river in 1717. This governor, who subsequently exhibited to the people of Massachusetts his incapacity for the administration of civil affairs, treated the Indians with very little respect. After informing them that they were subjects of the king of England, he presented them the Bible in Indian and in English, and told them, Mr. Baxter, a Protestant minister whom he had brought with him, would teach them the word of life, "for," said the governor, "we would gladly have you of the same religion with us." He also assured them of protection and redress upon complaint, and of advantages in the way of trade. On the following day the Indians replied, expressing their willingness to be considered subjects if they should like the offers made to them, and were not molested in the improvement of their lands. But, says Dr. Francis, "As to their religion, they were immovable. 'All people,' said they, 'have a love for their ministers; and it would be strange if we should not love them that come from God. And as to the Bibles your excellency mentioned, we desire to be excused on that point. God has given us teaching already, and if we should go from that, we should displease God. We are not capable to make any judgment about religion.'" After disputing with the governor about the claims made by the English to their lands, they withdrew abruptly.

The following account of the subsequent proceedings is from Dr. Francis:

"In the evening they came again, and brought a letter from Rale, 'dated the 17th of August, 1717.'* In this letter Rale stated, that when Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, was in France, he inquired of the French king whether, in any treaty, he had given the Indian lands to the English, and that the king affirmed he had not, but was ready to protect the Indians against encroachments. Governor Shute read the letter, and rejected it as unworthy of regard. Hutchinson adds, 'He let them know that he highly resented the insolence of the Jesuit.'† If he did so, I confess my inability to see any insolence, or even impropriety, on the part of Rale in this case. He was the friend and adviser of the Indians. As such he was authorised and required to write on their behalf; and his statement was such as might be expected from one, who put the French construction on the question of these conflicting claims."

On the next day, a reconciliation took place, and the treaty made in 1713 was

* "This date is evidently a mistake, since the conference was concluded on the 12th of August. If, as I suppose, Rale was with the Indians at their quarters, the letter was probably written on the 10th of August, just before it was delivered. If he was not there, they must have brought the letter with them from Norridgwock, to be used if it should be wanted. In either case, the date is equally an error."

† "Nothing like this is said in the original tract, 'Treaty of 1717,' &c. See *N. H. Hist. Coll.*, vol. ii, p. 252."

renewed. Chalmers in his History makes the following remarks on this conference:

"The progress of the treaty evinced the inferiority of Shute to those, who were denominated savages, in the essential qualities of the man, in vigor of sentiment, in force of eloquence, in politeness of manners; because he constantly interrupted their orators, while they listened patiently to him. He offered them a Bible with the same hand wherewith he grasped their lands. In vain they pleaded for their native possessions and their independence, on which they saw daily encroachments, because avarice absorbs every other passion. They retired in disgust. And, though fearful of immediate warfare, since they distrusted the French as well as the English, they apologized for their abruptness of departure, and sought for reconcilement. They finally went away with a determination to defend that by force, which interestedness had denied to their entreaties."

The following just reflections from Dr. Francis' Biography, shall close the subject of this conference and the treaty—pregnant as they proved to be with such important consequences to the pastor and his flock.

"The minds of these freemen of nature were evidently entangled and confused by the strife between their civilized neighbors about religion and for power. Questions arose, which they neither cared for nor understood. They wished to enjoy, as they had done, the freedom of the wilderness; and the assiduous, kind, self-denying labors of the French priests had won their affections. Under these influences, it is not surprising, that they forgot or disregarded treaties, when provoked by some present wrong, or made to feel, by those who watched for their interest, that injury was designed. The engagement they had just entered into seemed to promise lasting peace. Was it wholly the fault of the Indians and Jesuits, that the promise was in a year or two disappointed? Did not the thirst for gain, unrestrained by public authority, often abuse the ignorance, or take advantage of the wants or passions, of these children of the forest? and would not their French friends see and tell of this? Was Massachusetts, on her side, faithful to the bond? She stipulated to provide the Indians with certain conveniences, such as trading houses and locksmiths, but failed to make good the promise.

"It is a poor apology that, as we are told, the contentions which came on between the governor and assembly of Massachusetts prevented a fulfilment of the obligation. Could the Indians, who had given up so much, be expected to wait in patient apathy, while their dues were forgotten amidst the quarrels of politicians? Dr. Belknap has well remarked, that Shute would have rendered better service, and perhaps foreclosed a war, if, instead of formally offering them an Indian Bible and a Protestant missionary, he had complied with their earnest desire to fix a boundary, beyond which the English should not extend their settlements."

Efforts to establish Protestant missionaries among the eastern Indians were made by the legislature of Massachusetts, as appears by resolves of the general court in 1717 and 1720, providing a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds for a minister who would reside at Fort George, learn the Indian language, and instruct them in religion. But although two or three ministers made the attempt, they were unsuccessful. F. Rale, indignant at the measures adopted to seduce his flock from their faith, invited the ministers to a conference on the subject of religion. He wrote and transmitted to Rev. Mr. Baxter, the Protestant missionary, an essay of a hundred pages, in which, says he, "I proved by Scripture, by tradition, and by theological arguments, the truths which he had attacked with an abundance of stale jests." He also wrote to both governors Dudley and Shute in vindication of the Indians' right to their lands. The latter governor returned an insulting and angry letter, in which he declared his

determination to maintain the claims of the English to their eastern lands. In 1720 the popular feeling against Father Rale was so strong, that when the general court ordered a military force of one hundred and fifty men to march to Norridgwock to demand redress from the Indians for alleged depredations, "A warrant was to be issued to the high sheriff of the county of York to join the expedition, with authority to seize upon Rale and bring him to Boston. If the priest could not be found, his Indians must be required to surrender him; should they refuse, they themselves were to be arrested and taken to Boston."

Although the other branches of the government refused to concur, these measures sufficiently indicated the bitterness with which the zealous missionary was regarded by a people whose inherited prejudices against his religion were among their characteristic traits—and which were now inflamed by cupidity and the excitement of border or partisan contests. Dr. Francis says: "I find no good evidence that Rale used his power as the confidential adviser of the Indians, to promote wanton and bloody outrage, or to incite unprovoked invasion of the property and lives of the English. We may admit, that what he did he believed it his duty to do, as a Frenchman and a servant of his church. But he must have strangely miscalculated the action of human feelings, if he supposed he could take the position and use the language which he did, without drawing upon his head the vengeance of a whole community." The Indians complained through F. Rale of a palpable violation of faith on the part of the English, in retaining as prisoners four Indian hostages, after the amount of ransom demanded for them had been paid, and the English looked upon his remonstrance as an evidence of hostility to the English colony.

In the last chapter but one of his biography of Father Rale, Dr. Francis says: "The bitter resentment of Massachusetts gathered fast and strong around Rale and his settlement. At the close of the session of the general court, in 1721, it was voted by the house and council, and finally assented to by the governor, that a body of three hundred men, under the command of Colonel Thaxter and Lieutenant Goffe, should be sent among the Indians, to demand of them the surrender of the Jesuits and other incendiaries. Upon a refusal to comply with this demand, the officers were empowered to seize Rale or any other of his order, with as many Indians as they judged necessary, and transport them to Boston. One member of the council, Judge Sewall, protested against the measure. He not only deemed it injudicious, but had a general tenderness for all the aboriginals, because he was willing to believe them descendants of the ten tribes of Israel. The governor was reluctant to proceed so rashly. Circumstances enabled him to suspend the execution of the order, and it was silently laid aside.

"Two acts of hostility soon occurred, which kindled afresh the anger of the Indians. One of these was the seizure of Castine, the younger, so called. This man, a great favorite among the Abnakis and Penobscots, and much beloved by Rale, was the son of Baron de Castine by an Indian wife. The mixed blood of his parentage allied him closely both to the French and the natives, to whom he was still more endeared by his generous character and services. He was one of those, who had appeared with military array in the late conference at Arrowsick. Some of the Massachusetts troops, believing that he was included within the scope of their orders, captured this young officer, and sent him to Boston. Rale and Charlevoix affirm that he was basely decoyed, under the guise of a polite invitation, into the power of the English.* At Boston he was subjected to an examination before a committee, which he sustained with a

* *Lettres Edifiantes*, tom. xvii, pp. 313–316; and *Nouvelle France*, liv. xx.

discreet and firm manliness. After being detained too long, he was dismissed. The ungenerous and unjust arrest of this young man incensed to the highest degree the countrymen of his mother, among whom he had always lived.

"The other offensive act was an attempt to seize the person of Rale, whom his disciples, amidst all their unsteadiness, revered as a spiritual father, and loved as a devoted friend. The government and people of Massachusetts had come to regard him as an infamous outlaw. A resolve at length passed the general court, by which Colonel Thomas Westbrook was ordered to proceed to the Indian settlement with a party of soldiers, and, if possible, seize upon Rale. In December or January,* of 1721–22, Westbrook set forth on the expedition. It is commonly said, that he reached Norridgwock undiscovered. But according to Rale, his approach was known soon enough to baffle his purpose.

"Rale's account of the affair is too interesting to be withheld. 'There were with me at the village,' says he, 'only a few old and infirm persons, the rest of the Indians being engaged in hunting. It seemed a favorable moment for taking me by surprise; and for this purpose a party of two hundred men was detached. Two young Abnakis, hunting near the seaboard, learned that the English had entered the river. Immediately they watched their course till within ten leagues of the village. Then, by traversing the country, they arrived in advance of the party in season to give me warning, and to withdraw in haste the old men, the women, and the children. I had barely time to swallow the consecrated host, to pack the sacred vessels in a small chest, and secrete myself in the woods. The English reached the village towards evening. Not finding me there, they came the next day in search of me, quite to the place of my retreat. They were within musket-shot when I discovered them. My only course was to plunge precipitately into the forest. But as, in the hurry of my flight, I had not taken my snow-shoes, and had still much weakness remaining from the effects of a fall some years before, in which my leg and thigh were broken, it was impossible for me to flee far. My only resource was to conceal myself behind a tree. My pursuers taking the several paths made by the Indians when they went for wood, came within eight paces of the tree. It would seem as if they must inevitably discover me, for the trees were stripped of their leaves. But, as if repelled by an invisible hand, they all at once retraced their steps, and took the route back to the village. Thus, by the special protection of God, I escaped their hands. They plundered my church and my humble dwelling. I nearly perished of famine in the woods, and suffered excessively, before my friends in Quebec, who had heard of the calamity, could send me provisions.'*

"The most valuable part of the plunder was Rale's manuscript *Dictionary of the Abnaki Language*. This dictionary, to which I have before referred, had been a favorite labor with him for many years; and the students of scientific philology will never cease to be grateful to him for the patient toil he expended on the work. The original manuscript, carefully preserved in strong binding, is now in the library of Harvard College, to which it was presented by Middlecott Cooke. It is a quarto volume, in Rale's own hand-writing. On the first leaf is the following note, written by him in 1691: 'Il y a un an que je suis parmi les sauvages; je commence a mettre en ordre, en forme de dictionnaire, les mots que j'apprens.' Below this stands a notice in English, as follows: 'Taken after the fight in Norridgwock among Father Rale's papers, and given by the late Colonel Heath to Elisha Cooke, Esq.' The writer of this notice mistook in supposing, as he evi-

* "'Towards the end of January, 1722,' says Rale."

* "*Lettres Edifiantes*, tom. xvii, pp. 317–20."

dently did, that the manuscript was captured after the bloody onset in which Rale was killed.

"The work is divided into two parts. The first is a dictionary of the Abnaki dialect, in French and Indian, the French word or phrase being given first, and then the corresponding Indian expression, generally, though not uniformly, in distinct columns. Two hundred and five leaves, a comparatively small part of which have writing on both sides, and the remainder on one side only, make up this part. The second part has twenty-five leaves, both sides of which are generally filled with writing. It is entitled *Particulæ*, an account of the *particles*, the Indian words being placed first, and the explanations given in French or Latin.

"One can scarcely look at this important manuscript, with its dingy and venerable leaves, without associations of deep interest with those labors, and that life in the wilderness, of which it is now the only memorial. Students of the Indian dialects have most justly considered it a precious contribution to the materials of philological science. Many years ago, its value arrested the attention of that highly distinguished scholar, Mr. John Pickering, to whose studies in the philosophy of language the literary public is so deeply indebted. In 1818, he published as an appendix to his remarks on the 'Orthography of the Indian Languages of North America,' an accurate account of Rale's manuscript dictionary, expressing the hope that it might as soon as possible be published.* In this hope some of the eminent scholars of Germany, among whom was Baron William von Humboldt, heartily sympathized with him.†

"The so much desired object was not effected till 1833. In that year the dictionary was printed in the first volume of the New Series of the Memoirs of the American Academy, under the care and direction of Mr. Pickering, who furnished it with an introduction and notes, which enhance its value. To Mr. Pickering's persevering interest and labors, therefore, we owe it, that this very important document of Indian language is placed beyond the reach of the accidents to which manuscripts are ever liable. The press has given it into the scholar's hands, along with the kindred works of Eliot, Cotton, Zeisberger, and Heckewelder.

"La Chasse speaks with admiration of Rale's facility in acquiring and skill in using the Indian tongues. There was no one dialect on the continent, he affirms, of which he had not some knowledge. Besides the Abnaki language, which for a long time he had been accustomed to speak, he was familiar with that of the Hurons, the Ottawas, and the Illinois. He turned this knowledge to good account in his different missions.*

"The speech of the Abnakis was a dialect of that wide-spread Indian language known by the name of Leni-Lenápe; the most extensively diffused, according to Mr. Duponceau, of all the aboriginal languages, eastward of the Mississippi. The dictionary of Rale has happily supplied a want that was felt with respect to the northern portion of the region in which this tongue prevailed. Now that the strife of passion about Rale has died away in the distance of years, it is beautiful to contemplate the aid which the peaceful studies of his deep solitude have reached forth to the grateful philologists of modern times.

"The 'strong box,' which contained his papers and inkstand, is also preserved. It is of a curious and complicated construction. In the lower part is a secret drawer or compartment, to which one unacquainted with the manner of opening it can scarcely find access without breaking the box. On the inside of the lid are pasted two engravings, in a rude style, representing the scourging of Jesus

* "Memoirs of the American Academy, vol. iv, pp. 358-360.

† Mass. Hist. Coll. 2d Series, vol. x, p. 123, *note*.

* "*Lettres Edifiantes*, tom. xvii, p. 334.

and the crowning with thorns. This box continued in the possession of Colonel Westbrook's family. At one time it was kept in the Atheneum at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. But recently by the kindness of R. Russell Waldron, of the United States Navy, and one of the descendants of Colonel Westbrook, it has been deposited among the antiquities of the Massachusetts Historical Society in Boston.*

"The violent proceedings mentioned above awakened or sharpened the reaction of Indian hostility. Ineffectual attempts were made to soothe the irritation. A rich present to Bomaseen, intended to win the favorable influence of the old Norridgwock sachem, and an invitation to another conference, could not bend the purposes of wild men, assisted, if not goaded, by their French advisers. The war song passed from one tribe to another; and Norridgwock, says Rale, was the rallying place of the chiefs to concert their measures. The result was, that in June, 1722, they fell upon the English at Merry-meeting Bay, and made prisoners of nine families. These were soon released, except five men retained as security for the safe return of the four hostages at Boston, and sent to Canada, where they were at length ransomed. Rale justly applauds the forbearance of the Indians on this occasion, and contrasts it with the unsparing violence of Captain Harman's party, who, soon afterwards passing up the Kennebec, slaughtered a large number of an Indian company, whom they found by night in the helplessness of sleep. Between these two achievements, however, the Indians had made an onset on Fort George, and had burned to ashes the village of Brunswick; circumstances, which may explain, but not justify, the sanguinary deed of Harman.

"The eastern tribes, acting in concert, were evidently mustering for violence. The popular voice of Massachusetts was for an immediate declaration of war. But many men of influence in the province were made reluctant by their scruples and doubts. They remembered, that if the Indians had been false to treaties, Massachusetts had not been entirely true; that she had not fulfilled some of her stipulated engagements; that individuals had still wronged the natives by fraud and extortion; and that the accursed 'fire-water,' though against the orders of the government, had been dealt out to madden and delude them. But all considerations gave way to the supposed necessity of strong action; and on the 25th of July, 1722, Governor Shute issued a proclamation of war.* In the conflict that now opened, sometimes called the 'Three Years' or Lovell's War,' Rale found a bloody death."

The good missionary's life was often exposed to danger, but, continues Dr. Francis—"In the midst of these perils, Rale says, with a martyr's spirit, 'Nothing but death shall separate me from my flock. Subdued by a sense of the dangers to which I am exposed, they sometimes urge me to retire for a while to Quebec. They tell me, that if I should fall into the hands of their enemies, the least evil I can look for will be to languish out the rest of my days in cruel imprisonment. I stop their mouths with the words of the apostle, which God's grace has engraven on my heart. I say to them, "Give yourselves no anxiety about me. I fear not the threats of those who hate me without cause. I count not my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received of the Lord Jesus."'†

"Words like these come from that which is highest, and appeal to that which is highest, in man's nature. Their spirit is represented by a poet, who, if he has erred in making the priest a faultless saint, has done it with much beauty.

* "In Farmer and Moore's *Collections*, vol. ii, p. 108, may be found a notice of Rale's box, by Mr. Waldron.

* "The proclamation is given by Penhallow, *N. H. Hist. Coll.*, vol. i, p. 94.

† "*Lettres Edifiantes*, tom. xxiii, pp. 295–306, and tom. xvii, p. 323.

"What! to gain
A few short years, (for few they are at most,)
Should I relinquish that, to which a life
Hath been devoted? No, it cannot be.
The slender fabric that with so much care
And labor was erected, still requires
My feeble aid; and, should I leave it now,
Who would prevent it tottering to its fall?
To me this blind, deluded race are precious.
'Twas for their benefit I sought these wilds,
And here will I remain, till hope expires."*

"In February, 1723, Captain Harman undertook an expedition against Norridgwock, which failed in consequence of the country being flooded, and the rivers filled with broken ice, by the warm rains of some preceding weeks. He returned without meeting any Indians.

"The next winter, the same thing was again attempted with more, but not with great success. Rale's person or life was the prize, which the English aimed most intently to secure. Of this he was perfectly aware. In one of his letters he says, 'There is no offer or promise, which our enemies have not made to my people to induce them to deliver me up, or at least to send me away to Quebec, and take one of their ministers in my place; they have made numerous attempts to surprise and take me off; they have gone so far as to promise a thousand pounds sterling to any one, who will bring them my head.'† In another letter he remarks, that the governor had set his head at a thousand pounds sterling; but, he adds, 'I shall not part with it, nevertheless, for all the sterling money in England.'‡

"This feeling against him was at its height when Captain Moulton conducted a body of troops to Norridgwock, in the midst of winter, in the hope of seizing the priest. Rale and his people were apprised of the danger in time to make a safe retreat; so that Moulton found a deserted village. Books and papers, we are told, were again taken away. Among these, says Penhallow, was 'a vile and pernicious letter from the governor of Quebec, directed unto the friar,' urging him to stimulate the Indians against the English. Captain Moulton, with praiseworthy forbearance, suffered no injury to be done to the chapel or other buildings of the place. I know not whether it was to this that Rale alluded, when, in a letter of August, 1724, he mentions a foolish menace of retaliation; 'If they did not burn the church,' said he to the Indians, 'it is because I did send them word on your behalf, that if they did burn it, you should burn all their temples; therefore there was an order to the officer not to burn any thing.'

"It is said that when the English threatened to destroy Rale, if they should capture Norridgwock, he replied, with contemptuous Spartan brevity, '*if!*' He had, with bold sincerity, staked his life in the cause to which his mission had been devoted; and the time was now at hand when he must face the fatal consequence of his pledge. Of the conduct of the expedition in which he lost his life, the French and English accounts differ perhaps not more than may be explained by the position and feelings of the respective parties."

The following account of the death of Father Rale, by Father de la Chasse, Superior general of the missions in New France, was written from Quebec, dated 29th October, 1724, and is believed to be more worthy of credit than that of the English,—who were of course interested in excusing their own conduct in the bloody affair:

"In the deep grief which we feel for the loss of one of our oldest missionaries, it is a sweet consolation for us, that he has fallen a victim to his love, and his zeal to preserve the faith in the hearts of his neophytes. You have been already apprised by previous letters of the origin of the war which was kindled up between

* "Deering's *Carabasset, a tragedy.*
† "*Lettres Edifiantes*, tom. xxiii, p. 279.
‡ "Mass. Hist. Coll. 2d Series, vol. viii, p. 267. In the proposed, but rejected, order of the House for 'seizing the Jesuit,' in 1720, five hundred pounds were to be offered for his body. The Council, however, thought that two hundred pounds would be enough.

the English and the Indians. In the former it was the desire to extend their dominions; in the latter, the horror of all subjection and the attachment to their religion, caused at first that misunderstanding, which was at length followed by an open rupture.

"The Father Rasles, missionary to the *Abnakis*, had become exceedingly odious to the English. Convinced that his industry in strengthening the Indians in their faith constituted the greatest obstacle to the design they had formed of encroaching upon their lands, they set a price upon his head; and, on more than one occasion, endeavored either to capture or destroy him. At last they have effected their object in satisfying their transports of hate, and freeing themselves from this apostolical man; but, at the same time, they have procured for him a glorious death, which was always the height of his desires; for we know that for a long time he had aspired to the happiness of sacrificing his life for his flock. I will describe to you in a few words the circumstances of this event.

"After frequent hostilities had taken place on one side and the other between the two nations, a small force, composed of the English and their Indian allies to the number of about eleven hundred men, came unexpectedly to attack the village of *Nanrantsouak*. The thick brushwood by which the village is surrounded, aided them in concealing their march, and as besides it was not even enclosed by palisades, the Indians taken by surprise, did not perceive the approach of their enemies, until they received a general discharge of musketry which riddled all the cabins. There were at that time but about fifty warriors in the village. At the first noise of the muskets they tumultuously seized their arms, and went forth from their cabins to make head against the enemy. Their design was, not rashly to sustain a contest with so great a number of combatants, but to cover the flight of the women and children, and to give them time to gain the other side of the river, which was not as yet occupied by the English.

"Father Rasles, warned by the clamors and the tumult, of the peril which threatened his neophytes, promptly went forth from his house, and without fear presented himself before the enemy. His hope was, either to suspend, by his presence, their first efforts, or, at least, to draw on him alone their attention, and thus, at the expense of his own life, to procure the safety of his flock.

"The instant they perceived the missionary they raised a general shout, followed by a discharge of musket balls which rained on him. He fell dead at the foot of a large cross which he had erected in the middle of the village, to mark the public profession they had made to adore in that place the crucified God. Seven Indians who surrounded him, and who exposed their lives to preserve that of their father, were killed at his side.*

"The death of the shepherd spread consternation through the flock. The Indians took to flight, and crossed the river, part by the ford and part by swimming. They had to endure all the fury of their enemies, even to the moment when they took refuge in the woods on the other side of the river. There they found themselves assembled to the number of about a hundred and fifty. Although more than two thousand musket shots had been directed against them, they had but about thirty persons killed, including women and children, and fourteen wounded. The English did not attempt to pursue the fugitives, but contented themselves with pillaging and burning the village. The fire which they kindled in the church was

"* Hutchinson's account (*Hist.* v. ii., p. 311), which is gathered from those present in the action, differs widely from that of Pere de la Chasse. He states that the force sent on this expedition only amounted to two hundred and eight men. His narrative of Rale's death is, that he shut himself up in a wigwam, from which he fired upon the English. Moulton, the commander, had given orders not to kill the priest. But a wound inflicted upon one of the English by Rale's fire, so exasperated Jacques, a lieutenant, that he burst the door, and shot Rale through the head."

preceded by an unhallowed profanation of the sacred vessels and of the adorable body of Jesus Christ.

"The precipitate retreat of the enemy permitted the Nanrantsouakans to return to the village. On the morrow, they visited the ruins of their cabins, while the women on their part sought for herbs and plants to dress the wounded. Their first care was to weep over the body of their missionary; they found it pierced with a thousand wounds, his scalp taken off, the skull split by blows of a hatchet, the mouth and eyes filled with mud, the bones of the legs broken, and all the limbs mutilated. They were scarcely able to attribute except to the Indian allies of the English, such an excess of inhumanity on a body deprived of feeling and of life.

"After these fervent Christians had washed and kissed many times the precious remains of their father, they buried him in the same spot where the morning before he had celebrated the holy sacrifice of the mass, that is, on the place where the altar had stood before the burning of the church.

"It is by so precious a death that this apostolical man finished, on the 23d of August of this year, a career of thirty-seven years passed in the painful toils of this mission. He was in the 67th year of his age. His fasts and continual fatigues had latterly enfeebled his constitution. During the last nineteen years he had dragged himself about with difficulty, in consequence of a fall in which he broke his right thigh and his left leg. It happened that the fractured parts having badly united, it became necessary to break the left leg anew. While they were drawing it most violently, he sustained this painful operation with extraordinary firmness and admirable tranquillity. Our physician who was present appeared so astonished, that he could not forbear saying to him: 'Ah, my father, permit at least some groans to escape you, for you have cause for them.'

"Father Rasles joined to talents which made him an excellent missionary, those virtues which are necessary for the evangelical ministry, to be exercised with effect among our Indians. He enjoyed robust health, and with the exception of the accident I have mentioned, I do not know that he ever had the least indisposition. We were surprised at his industry and readiness in acquiring the different Indian languages. There was not one on this continent of which he had not some smattering. Besides the Abnakis language, which he spoke for a long time, he knew also the Huron, the Otaouais, and the Illinois. He availed himself of them with great effect in the different missions where they are used. Since his arrival in Canada, he was never seen to act inconsistently with his character; he was always firm and courageous, severe to himself, tender and compassionate in his regard to others.

"It is but three years since, that by order of Monsieur our governor, I made a journey through Acadia. In conversation with Father Rasles, I represented to him that in case they declared war against the Indians, he would run the risk of his life; that his village being but fifteen leagues distant from the English forts, he would find himself exposed to the first irruptions; that his preservation was necessary to his flock, and that he ought to take measures for his own security. 'My measures are taken,' he answered in a firm tone; 'God has committed this flock to my care, and I will share its lot, being too happy if permitted to sacrifice myself for it.' He repeated often the same thing to his neophytes, to strengthen their constancy in the faith. 'We have had but too good a proof,' they themselves have said to me, 'that our dear father spoke to us from the abundance of his heart; we have seen him with a tranquil and serene air meet death, and oppose himself alone to the fury of the enemy, to retard their first efforts, for the purpose of giving us time to escape the danger, and to preserve our lives.'

"As a price had been set upon his head, and they had attempted at different times to capture him, the Indians proposed to him, during the last spring, that they should conduct him farther into the country on the side towards Quebec, where he would be protected from the perils by which his life was menaced. 'What opinion then have you of me,' he answered, with an air of indignation; 'do you take me for a cowardly deserter? Ah! what would become of your faith, if I should desert you? Your salvation is dearer to me than my life.'

"He was indefatigable in the exercises of his zeal. Without cessation being occupied in exhorting the Indians to virtue, he thought of nothing but making them earnest Christians. His manner of preaching, vehement and pathetic, made a vivid impression on their hearts. Some families of the Loups,* arrived lately from Orange,† have told me with tears in their eyes, that they were indebted to him for their conversion to Christianity. Having received baptism from him about thirty years ago, the instructions which he at that time gave them, had never been effaced from their minds, so efficacious had been his words, and so deep their traces in the hearts of those who heard them.

"He was not contented with instructing the Indians almost every day in the church, but often visited them in their cabins. His familiar conversation charmed them, since he knew how to temper them with a holy cheerfulness, which pleased the Indians much more than a grave and sombre air. Thus he had the art to persuade them whatever he wished, and he was among them as a master in the midst of his scholars.

"Notwithstanding the continual occupations of his ministry, he never omitted the holy exercises which are observed in our religious houses. He rose and offered his prayers at the hour which is there appointed. He never excused himself from the eight days of retreat from the world in each year, and had set apart for this purpose the first days of Lent, which is the time that the Saviour entered into the desert. 'Unless we fix a particular time in the year for these holy exercises,' he one day said to me, 'one occupation succeeds another, and after many delays we run the risk of not finding time to observe them.'

"Religious poverty was exemplified in all his person, in his furniture, in his food, and in his dress. In a spirit of mortification, he interdicted himself the use of wine, even when he found himself among the French. His ordinary nourishment was a preparation of meal of Indian corn. During certain winters, when the Indians were often in want of everything, he found himself reduced to live on acorns; but far from complaining, he never seemed better contented. During the last three years of his life, while the war prevented the Indians from freely entering into the chase, or planting their fields, their necessities became extreme, and the missionary often found himself in dreadful want. It became necessary to send to him from Quebec the provisions required for his subsistence. 'I am ashamed,' he wrote to me, 'of the care which you take of me: a missionary born to suffer should not be so well treated.'

He did not suffer any one to lend a hand to assist him in the most ordinary cares, but always attended to himself. He cultivated his own garden, prepared his own firewood, attended to his cabin and his hominy, repaired his old clothes, endeavoring in the spirit of poverty to make them last as long as possible. The cassock which he had on at the time he was killed, seemed so worn and in so miserable a state to those who stripped him of it, that they did not think it worth carrying off, as they had at first intended. They threw it back on his body, and it was sent to us at Quebec.

"To the same extent that he treated himself severely, was he compassionate

* Indian nations.
† *Fort Orange*—Albany.

and charitable to others. He retained nothing for himself, but everything that he received he immediately distributed to his poor neophytes. Thus the greater part have given at his death demonstrations of grief more vivid than if they had lost their nearest relations.

"He took extraordinary pains to ornament and embellish his church, being persuaded that this external show which produced an effect on the senses, animated the devotion of uncivilized people, and inspired them with the most profound veneration for our holy mysteries. As he knew a little of painting, and also understood the art of turning, it was decorated with many works which he had himself executed."

Dr. Francis, after furnishing both the French and English account of the death of Father Rale, says:

"The Norridgwock tribe never lifted up its head after this blow. Though not extinct, that bloody day blotted it from the list of the red men's nations. Another sad chapter was added to the history of the white man's intercourse with his forest brother. Whittier has pictured the scene of ruin, which presented itself soon after the battle-day to some Indian warriors.

'No wigwam smoke is curling there;
The very earth is scorched and bare;
And they pause and listen to catch a sound
Of breathing life, but there comes not one,
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound;
And here and there, on the blackened ground,
White bones are glistening in the sun.
And where the house of prayer arose,
And the holy hymn at daylight's close,
And the aged priest stood up to bless
The children of the wilderness,
There is naught save ashes sodden and dank,
And the birchen boats of the Norridgwock,
Tethered to tree, and stump, and rock,
Rotting along the river bank!'

"Whoever has visited the pleasant town of Norridgwock, as it now is, must have heard of *Indian Old Point*, as the people call the place where Rale's village stood, and perhaps curiosity may have carried him thither. If so, he has found a lovely, sequestered spot in the depth of nature's stillness, on a point around which the waters of the Kennebec, not far from their confluence with those of Sandy River, sweep on in their beautiful course, as if to the music of the rapids above; a spot over which the sad memory of the past, without its passions, will throw a charm, and on which, he will believe, the ceaseless worship of nature might blend itself with the aspirations of Christian devotion. He will find, that vestiges of the old settlement are not wanting now; that broken utensils, glass beads, and hatchets, have been turned up by the husbandman's plough, and are preserved by the people in the neighborhood; and he will turn away from the place with the feeling, that the hatefulness of the mad spirit of war is aggravated by such a connection with nature's sweet retirements."

Rev. Dr. Harris, in concluding his interesting notice of F. Rale, remarks: "Influenced, I apprehended, by the prejudices common to the age, against the Roman Catholics, and by the resentment excited against the Indians, the earlier historians of our country have recorded some slanders against Father Rasles, which later writers have copied without examining into their truth. The first is respecting the Indian who was killed June 10th, 1724, at Oyster River, now Durham, as quoted by Dr. Belknap from the manuscript of Mr. Hugh Adams: "The slain Indian," says he, "was a person of distinction, and wore a kind of coronet of scarlet dyed fur, with an appendage of four small bells, by the sound of which the others might follow him through the thickets. His hair was remarkably soft and fine, and he had about him a devotional look, and a muster roll of one hundred and eighty Indians; *from which circumstances it was supposed* that he was the natural son of the Jesuit Rallé, by an Indian woman who had served him as a laundress."*

* Dr. Francis justly says, "It must have been

"Now we learn from Charlevoix, tom. ii, p. 107 and 379, that the Sieur de S. Castine had married an Abnaquis; that the children lived with their maternal relations; that the eldest son, *the Baron de S. Castine*, considered himself as belonging on the mother's side to the nation of the Abnaquis, and in 1721 had become acknowledged as their chief. "From which circumstances it may be supposed," *with much greater probability*, that the Indian in question was of the family of *Castine*, and not a natural son of the priest. His muster roll imports his being a chieftain; and his coronet designates his claim to nobility. Another aspersion of the character of Father Rale is, that "He even made the offices of devotion serve as incentives to the ferocity of the savages, and kept a flag on which was depicted a cross surrounded by bows and arrows, which he used to hoist on a pole at the door of his church, when he gave them absolution, previously to their engaging in any warlike enterprise." This charge is copied from the "New England Courant," No. 160. How much reliance is to be placed upon newspaper paragraphs written with respect to those with whom hostilities are carried on, the dispassionate will judge. Imputed reasons are not always correct: if they were, the aborigines might infer that the figure of an Indian with a drawn sword over his head, on the flag of the English inhabitants of Massachusetts, implied that it was done in menace of an exterminating war against the Indians.*

"But the most formidable crimination of the missionary was said to be one of the last acts of his life. "The Jesuit was found in a wigwam, and he defended himself with intrepid courage, but his character was stained by an act of barbarous cruelty. He had with him an English boy of fourteen years who had been a prisoner about six months, and resolving not to fall alone, he shot him through the thigh and stabbed him through the body." We search in vain for the evidence of this revengeful deed. It could not have been seen by the invaders, for they were in martial array in the street of the village, and not within the wigwams, and at leisure to see what was transacted there. Who then could say for a certainty that he was the perpetrator? Besides it appears that the missionary rushed out immediately to see what was the occasion of the terrible alarm, and presented himself before the assailants, either to mediate for the safety of his flock, or to offer his own life for their rescue.

"I have made these statements, not as the eulogist of Father Rasles, nor with even any special solicitude to vindicate his conduct as the patron of the Indians; but to redeem his memory from aspersions which appear to be unfounded, and by obviating these misrepresentations, to do him the justice, to which his painful labors seem entitled."

The above extracts are from the paper communicated by the Rev. Dr. Harris to the Massachusetts Historical Society.*

Dr. Francis says,† "The spot on which the Norridgwock missionary fell, was marked, some time after his death, by the erection of a cross. This, it is said, in process of time was cut down by a company of hunters. I believe it was replaced by some rude memorial in stone. But in 1833 a permanent monument was erected in honor of Rale. A movement for this purpose, in which Protestants as well as Catholics were interested, is traced to the

a quick and dark suspicion, which could insist on such an inference from such premises."—P. 321.

* Dr. Francis says, "One, who should be disposed to take another view, might argue that he calmed the ferocity of the savages by mingling with it the offices of devotion; and probably the inference would be as just in this, as in other similar cases. It has always been the custom to associate devotion with war, prayer with slaughter; and our military arrangements are considered incomplete without chaplains. Those who can justify these usages, must regard Rale's flag as an emblem of the same spirit. It was a symbol of what he often taught the Indians, that their religion and the right to their possessions were strictly connected."

* See vol. viii, second series.

† P. 328, &c.

suggestion of Dr. Jonathan Sibley, of Union, Maine. The project was taken up by Mr. William Allen, of Norridgwock, and Mr. Edward Kavanagh, the latter of whom contributed one hundred dollars towards the expense.

"An acre of land was purchased, including the site of Rale's church and his grave. Over the grave, on the 23d of August, 1833, the anniversary (according to the New Style) of the fight at Norridgwock, and just one hundred and nine years after its occurrence, the foundation was laid, and the monument raised with much ceremony, amidst a large concourse of people. Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, directed the ceremonies, and delivered an address full of appropriate interest. Delegates from the Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, and Canada Indians, were present on the occasion. The monument is about twenty feet high, including an iron cross, with which it is surmounted. On the south side of the base, fronting the Kennebec river, is an appropriate and somewhat long Latin inscription. I regret to add, that in 1836, some malicious persons, supposed to have come from a neighboring town, threw down the shaft of the monument in the night. The citizens of Norridgwock immediately replaced the shaft, and repaired the injury done to the monument, at their own expense. The individuals who perpetrated the outrage, found no sympathy or countenance; and their conduct received a severe rebuke at the time from a writer in the *Christian Register* of August 27th, 1836."

The same elegant writer adds the following just reflections: "But whatever abatements from indiscriminate praise his faults or frailties may require, I cannot review his history without receiving a deep impression that he was a pious, devoted, and extraordinary man. Here was a scholar nurtured amidst European learning, and accustomed to the refinements of one of the most intellectual nations of the old world, who banished himself from the pleasures of home and from the attractions of his native land, and passed thirty-five years of his life in the forests of an unbroken wilderness, on a distant shore, amidst the squalid rudeness of savage life, and with no companions, during those long years, but the wild men of the woods. With them he lived as a friend, as a benefactor, as a brother; sharing their coarse fare, their disgusting modes of life, their wants, their perils, their exposures under the stern inclemency of a hard climate; always holding his life cheap in the toil of duty, and at last yielding himself a victim to dangers which he disdained to escape. And all this, that he might gather these rude men, as he believed, into the fold of the church; that he might bring them to what he sincerely held to be the truth of God and the light of heaven."

TREUGA DEI, OR THE TRUCE OF GOD.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

> Glory is like a circle in the water,
> Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
> Till, by wide spreading, it disperse to naught.
>
> Shakspeare.

CHAPTER IX.

THE battle of Fladenheim was fought just as Gregory VII was opening his seventh synod at Rome. Hardly had the ancient canons been renewed and Guibert of Ravenna excommunicated, before the envoys of Rodolph appeared, and after reciting Henry's fresh iniquities, supplicated their master's coronation and his rival's deposition.

The pope had not failed to invite his impious antagonist to abide by his decision, but his recent defeat seemed only to have confirmed his obstinacy. It was evident that Henry would keep the field whilst a hope of success remained, and that peace could not be recovered but by the complete triumph of one of the hostile parties. The pontiff no longer hesitated. Since all hope of an amicable adjustment had fled, the interests of the church and of mankind required the ascendency of Rodolph; and Gregory saw that to withhold his sanction now, was to peril his cause, or at least to prolong the contest. The victory of Fladenheim had calmed the impetuosity of the Italian nobles who burned to declare for Henry; and they were disposed to preserve a safe neutrality. The cruelties and vices of the Franconian, were past endurance:—the moment for which the Suabian so patiently and yet so ardently looked, had at length arrived. Rising before the crowded council, the noble pontiff, giving voice to a holy enthusiasm he could not restrain, invoked the aid of St. Peter the prince of the apostles, and of St. Paul the teacher of the nations. He called upon them to witness that in spite of his grief, his groans and his tears, he had been chosen their most unworthy successor; and that princes, ecclesiastics and courtesans, were leagued to accomplish his death or exile. "By *your* authority," he exclaims, "relying upon the mercy of God and the pity of his virgin mother, I excommunicate Henry and all his partisans, and absolve his subjects from their allegiance. And even as Henry is justly deprived of his royalty by his pride, his disobedience and perfidy, so are the same power and royal authority granted to Rodolph for his humility, his submission and his merits."

The envoys of Rodolph hastened back to Saxony, bearing him the papal confirmation of his election and the benediction so fervently pronounced. The king and his army were inspired with the most lively joy and confidence. Those who before had dreaded the result, no longer doubted, but deemed the agony of the empire already ended. Mass was celebrated amidst universal rejoicings; and Saxon and Suabian forgot the desolation of their homes in this presage of victory and peace. The camp of Henry presented another scene. The excommunicated king abandoned himself to the most violent transports of fury. He swore the destruction of the daring pontiff and the usurper who now went forth as the chosen champion of the holy see. He assembled at Mayence, thirty bishops and a

proud array of princes and barons. Here again was acted the solemn farce of the conventicle of Brixen. A decree was prepared and published, asserting that it was necessary to cut off from the communion of the faithful, a priest who had been rash enough to deprive the august person of majesty of all participation in the government of the church, and to strike him with anathema. "He is not the elect of God," runs the instrument, "but owes his elevation to his own unblushing fraud and corruption. He has ruined the church—he has distracted the state; he has embittered the life of a *pious and peaceful* monarch, upheld a perjured rebel, and scattered everywhere discord, jealousy and adultery. For this, here in final council at Mayence, we have resolved to depose, expel, and, if he disobey our command, to doom to eternal condemnation a monster who preaches the pillaging of churches and assassination, who abets perjury and homicide, who denies the Catholic and Apostolic faith concerning the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ,—this accursed Hildebrand, this ancient ally of the heretic Berengarius, this conjurer and magician, this necromancer, this monk possessed by a devil, this vile apostate from the faith of our fathers."*

After this sublime invective had been launched, Guibert of Ravenna was unanimously elected anti-pope under the name of Clement III. Henry next addressed himself to win the support of England; but Cardinal Lanfranc condemned his precipitation and refused to unite in these insults and outrages.

The brief respite from arms that followed the battle of Fladenheim was over. Hostilities had commenced. Cries of war were heard from every quarter; and whilst the two kings were mustering their strength for another great struggle, the partisans of Rodolph and Henry were daily mingling in deadly strife. Nor were princes and counts, knights, pages and vassals alone in the field, but the spear and sword flashed in the hands of bishops, abbots and monks. Ulrich, abbé of Saint Gall, was ravaging Linzgau and Thurgovia, demolishing the castles of Otto of Marchdorf, Marquard of Bregence, and Hartman of Kyburg, and forcing the friends of Rodolph to fly before him.

These trivial advantages were amply compensated by the victory of Welf over Frederick of Hohenstaufen, at Hochstadt, and the occupation of Augsburg.

It was in the month of October, 1080, that Henry, confiding in the superior numbers and discipline of his army, advanced upon Saxony, where Rodolph calmly awaited his approach. Each monarch well knew that the approaching contest would be decisive of his fate, and had omitted nothing to ensure the victory. Anxious to shorten an interval of such painful suspense, they longed to meet;—Henry stimulated by hatred and the memory of his recent defeats, Rodolph animated by a just indignation and conscious rectitude.

Once upon the soil of Saxony, Henry swept the country with fire and sword to the banks of the Elster. He took a strong position at Mulsen and awaited reinforcements from Bohemia. When the desired succor had arrived, he put his army in motion, intending to desolate the country and then retire. But he had not advanced far, before he discovered the allied forces of Saxony and Suabia drawn up to oppose him. Daunted for a moment by this gallant host, he fell back upon the Elster. The deep river prevented a farther retreat. His position was protected by narrow and difficult approaches, and by a deep morass. Here he passed the night.

Early in the morning of the 15th of October, the army of Henry was drawn up in battle array along the Elster, whilst the vanguard of his rival became visible in the distance. The soldiers of the former were unwearied and invigorated by a

* "It is quite surprising," says the Abbe Jager, "that the modern calumniators of Gregory, should confess the *exaggerations* contained in this decree to be inexcusable." Voigt, vol. ii, p. 355. (Note du trad.)

night of repose; the troops of Rodolph were jaded with forced marches over roads almost impassable. Rodolph, apprehensive lest this fatigue should prove fatal, would have declined an immediate action, but he found it impossible to restrain the ardor of his men. The knights leaped from their sinking steeds and formed themselves on foot, and the infantry, forgetting their toil at the sight of the foe, continued to advance. They halted at length on the edge of the deep morass of Grona, in full view of the opposing army on the other side.

With Henry were the bishops of Basle and Lausanne with their men-at-arms, the count palatin Herman with all Franconia, Marquard of Carinthia and Lutold, his son. Many recreant Bavarians were around him; and even Suabia raised her arm against her noble duke, in the person of Werner, archbishop of Strasburg. There, too, were found Ulrich of Eppenstein, Arnaud of Lentzburg, Ulrich of Bregence, Lutold of Dillingen, the counts and prelates of the house of Welschneuenburg, Egina of Achalm and Werner of Gruningen. But conspicuous, even amid that high born and martial group, stood the Duke Godfrey of Bouillon and Frederick of Hohenstaufen.

Rodolph was surrounded by Altman of Constance, and the mitres of Coire, Rheinau, Stein, Wurtzburg and Worms; he could touch the hands of Eckhard of Richenou, of the Abbé of the Convent of All Saints at Schafhouse, and of William de Hirsau, the most exemplary man of his day. Welf, Otto of Nordheim, Berthold of Carinthia and Hugo, count palatin of Tubingen, were ready to support him with their lives, as they marched proudly at the head of their vassals and soldiers. Glittering at his side, were raised the lances of Marquard of Bregence, Hartman of Dillingen, Burchard of Nellemburg, Cuno and Lutold of Achalm, Werner of Hapsburg, Adalbert of Calw, Albert of Hers and Sandrat of Stramen.

At the moment the advancing columns halted, the legates of Gregory appeared in front of the army and imparted the papal benediction to all who had taken up arms against the enemy of the church and of the liberties of Germany. As if a thunderbolt had stricken them down, the soldiers sunk simultaneously upon their knees, and, with their heads bent upon their hearts, received the boon so dearly prized. Whilst they yet were kneeling, the clerks began to intone the eighty-second psalm, and the solemn strains could be heard all along the ranks. How sad was the thought, that this calm music was but the prelude to the groans of the dying and the hoarse shouts of blood stained victory! As the army rose at the last note of the psalm, the clash of steel, instead of the mournful chant, was heard along the line.

Rodolph, pale and thoughtful, but calm and dignified, rode through his columns, uttering brief expressions of encouragement and confidence, which were answered by cheers that made the welkin ring. When he had gained an eminence, which commanded a view of both armies, a messenger, darting from his side, flew like an arrow towards the column of Welf of Bavaria. After the lapse of a few minutes, the Bavarians had turned the morass and were almost within striking distance of the enemy. Without moving from his position, Frederick of Hohenstaufen waited the assault. The next instant the Bavarians had encountered the Bohemians hand to hand. For a time, the combat seemed equal, but at length the division of Welf could be seen slowly falling back. The Suabian nobles, who had hitherto watched the contest in silence and the deepest interest, besought the king to permit them to aid the retreating column. But Rodolph firmly refused. He watched the combatants sternly, but without moving a muscle, until the main body of Henry's army was in motion, and then Gilbert could see the smile he had marked at Fladenheim, curling the hero's lip and

lighting up his eye. Yet it was not the same smile: there was something sadder, yet fiercer in it. Never had his eye flashed forth such wild lustre, or his bosom heaved with such pent-up emotion.

Then, as the main body of the Saxons pressed rapidly forward under Otto of Nordheim, against the foe disordered by pursuit, and Rodolph saw his plans accomplished, he turned to the archbishop of Mayence and exclaimed in a voice broken by deep feeling—

"The day is ours!"—

The prelate uttered a prayer of thanksgiving, and turning to the king, said—

"I give your highness joy!"

"I may need your prayers rather than your congratulations," replied Rodolph in a whisper; and he closed his visor.

The king still occupied the height from which he had directed the battle that had now become general. Around him were the chivalry of Suabia and his former faithful subjects, acting in concert with a large body of Saxons. Henry's army was divided into two bodies, one of which, commanded by the monarch in person, was engaged with Otto, whilst the other, led by Godfrey de Bouillon and Frederick of Hohenstaufen, assailed the Bavarians. Welf, borne down by numbers, still retreated in obedience to his instructions.

"Our turn has come at last, gentlemen," cried the king. "Forward!"

The barons who had waited as impatiently as hounds in the leash, required no second bidding, but dashed after their chivalrous monarch, who was in full course with his lance in rest. Already in Henry's camp, the "Te Deum" was sounding in anticipation of the victory promised by the supposed rout of the Bavarians. But the arrival of Rodolph changed the face of affairs. The strife then began in earnest. The enemy recoiled at first before the king's impetuous charge; but they were commanded by the ablest knights in the empire, and soon recovered from their momentary panic. Foremost of all his gallant chiefs, Rodolph carried death and terror into the Bohemian ranks. He seemed endowed with supernatural strength, and neither lance nor mace could arrest his brilliant career. Wherever the foe was thickest or the fight most dubious, his white crest gleamed like some fearful meteor. It was difficult for the Suabian nobles to keep up with their invincible monarch, and only by dint of the most extraordinary efforts about twenty of the best lances of his army could prevent his falling alone upon the hostile masses. Among those who fought at his side, were the Lords of Stramen and Hers, Gilbert and Henry. At this moment a band of perhaps thirty horsemen, with their spears in rest, headed by a knight of gigantic size and another whose deeds had proclaimed him equally formidable, came like a thunderbolt through the opening files of the Bohemians, and fell upon the Suabian group. The shock was fearful. Many of the combatants were hurled to the earth; but the white plume still waved, and Rodolph of Suabia was in mortal combat with Godfrey de Bouillon. The giant had singled out Sandrat de Stramen, who spurred to meet him with equal avidity. In an instant both riders rolled in the dust. The antagonist of Sir Sandrat was the first to rise, and as the knight of Stramen staggered to his feet, the battle axe of his opponent was poised above his head. A moment more and the Lady Margaret would have been an orphan,—for Frederick of Hohenstaufen's strength was not to be baffled by steel casque or bars of proof. But the axe was destined to take another direction. A mounted knight, spurring to the rescue of Sir Sandrat, was within a few bounds of the Lord of Hohenstaufen. Sir Frederick saw his danger, and with wonderful quickness changed his aim, and discharged the ponderous weapon against this new assailant. But the Suabian, displaying equal quickness, fell suddenly upon the neck of his steed, and the flying mass passed harmlessly over his head, grazing his crest. But as

the rider rose to his seat, a Bohemian knight darting before Sir Frederick, checked his career. Such was the fury of the onset, that both were unhorsed. The saddle girths of the Suabian had given way, but the Bohemian fell pierced by the spear of his antagonist. The former sprung uninjured to his feet, and drawing his sword rushed against the first object of his attack. Sir Sandrat, dizzy from his first shock, was staggering beneath the heavy blows of his powerful opponent, as the knight whose advance we have marked, crying—"God and Suabia!" turned aside a stroke aimed at the exhausted baron and stepped between them.

"Who are you?" said the lord of Hohenstaufen, parrying a blow and returning it. "Your shield bears no device; beware lest you fall before it obtains one!"

"I shall take a device when I have earned one," was the reply. "My name would convey nothing to your ears."

"Then perish in your insignificance!" exclaimed the giant, bringing down his sword with both hands. But the blow was avoided with admirable agility, and the combat went on in silence. It seemed as if the struggle could not last an instant, for Frederick towered full a foot above his adversary. But the lord of Hohenstaufen was fatigued by his passage with the baron of Stramen, and his wonderful strength was partially balanced by the superior activity of the Suabian. In the meantime, numbers of Rodolph's knights had now arrived, and the Duke Godfrey was compelled to retreat. Frederick of Hohenstaufen lingered until almost surrounded, and then retired slowly before his antagonist, hoping to obtain some advantage from the pursuer's impetuosity.

But the Suabian was as cautious and dangerous as ever.

"Hold, sir knight," said Frederick, suddenly sinking his sword and lowering his visor—"I beg your name!"

"I am called Gilbert de Hers," replied the youth, imitating his example.

"There," cried the lord of Hohenstaufen, throwing down his glove, "wear that for me, and say for Frederick of Hohenstaufen, that he rarely coped with better knight."

At these words, the giant mounted a horse which a groom had brought him through the fray, and, waving an adieu, wheeled off to another part of the field. Gilbert raised the gauge and fastened it in his casque. There was a strong tumult in the young noble's heart. In spite of his impulsive disposition, he was never so calm as when in danger. Though sharing the intense excitement of the battle field, he was not carried away by the frenzy of the strife. Though the praises of an illustrious enemy were sounding in his ears, he felt little of the exultation which such a circumstance might naturally impart. He had rescued the baron of Stramen from imminent peril; but though the lady Margaret's image had been before him through the horror and glory of the day, it was only for a moment that he thrilled at the prospect of a relenting father. His interview with Rodolph had sunk deep into his soul, and not even the pomp and terror of war, could blot from his mind the contemplation of the king and his solemn language. He knew not why, but he could scarce withdraw his eyes from the snow white crest, which, still unwearied, hung upon the now retiring columns of the foe. The count Rapatho had already fallen before the fiery Rodolph, and the "Te Deum" was hushed as the mangled corpse was brought into Henry's camp.

Nor was Otto of Nordheim less successful. At the head of the Saxon infantry, he had routed the legions of Franconia, and driven numbers into the deep and rapid river. Fruitlessly did Henry endeavor to preserve his array and keep his ground: he was routed at every point. The Saxons, now certain of victory, would have fallen upon and pillaged the camp. But Otto was too old a warrior to throw caution aside because of a partial success. "Wait a moment!" was

all the veteran said, as he checked their appetite for plunder; and the wisdom of his advice was soon made evident. Henry de Laca, count palatin of the Rhine, began to menace his rear. The troops of the count were fresh, and had been proved in former trials. As they advanced with the rapidity and steadiness of veterans, singing the "Kyrie eleison," they seemed well able to retrieve the fortunes of the day.

"Another triumph awaits us!" cried Otto; "Let us trust in God!"

Without hesitating a moment, the gallant Saxon, with his wonted impetuosity, fell upon the advancing lines, and, though stubbornly resisted for a time, gained at last a complete victory. When the forces of the palatin of the Rhine had been driven across the Elster, Otto turned to his soldiers, exclaiming,—

"Now to the camp, and take the reward of your valor!"

In the meanwhile, the retreat of the Bohemians had turned into a confused flight. Rodolph, in the eagerness of pursuit, had rashly penetrated too far into the flying masses of the foe, who now turned upon the pursuer. Awhile the white crest danced amid hostile helms and spears, then vanished.

"He is down!" screamed Gilbert in agony, hewing his way towards the king. Rodolph was alone against a host, whilst his horse sunk up to his knees in the marshy ground. Before succor could arrive, a sword had cloven through the monarch's wrist, and his right hand fell to the ground.

"It is the hand that I raised when swearing allegiance to Henry," muttered Rodolph, bitterly. With tears in his eyes, Gilbert struggled to reach the king, who, unarmed and disabled, drove his steed against the circle that hemmed him in. His crest was gone, and his armor hacked and stained with blood; still fearlessly he bore up against his foes, and seemed to rejoice in the unequal strife. The chivalry of Suabia were spurring fast to the rescue, and Gilbert, now supported by a small band of friends, was almost at his side, when Godfrey de Bouillon charged the king with levelled lance. The steel, impelled by a powerful hand, entered at the groin, and Rodolph, mortally wounded, fell to the ground. The Bohemians uttered a cry of joy at the king's overthrow, for they knew him well by his armor and actions. Their triumph was short-lived, however, for the Suabians, eager to avenge their leader, gave no quarter, and the victorious Saxons had attacked their rear.

"Stop not now!" said Rodolph to the nobles about him; and the lords of Tubinger, Achalm, Hapsburg, Hers and Stramen, swept on to avenge him. Gilbert remained rooted to the spot. His lance dropped from his hand as he leaped from his horse and knelt beside his monarch. Already the helmet had been removed by one who supported the dying hero in his arms. From Gregory VII to Pius IX, from the Dominican that accompanied Cortés, to the Jesuit who followed a more recent conqueror, the Catholic missionary has been found in the front of battle. It was Father Omehr whose breast now pillowed the monarch's head. Gilbert's heart was almost bursting, as he pressed the only remaining hand to his lips and saw that he was recognised. Feeling he could not long survive, Rodolph raised his head and asked in a dying voice—"Whose is the day?" "Yours, my lord, yours!" replied those who were around him; for Gilbert, unable to speak, did not attempt to answer, but continued to gaze on the eagle eye over which the film of death was gathering fast.

"Yours, my lord, yours," repeated the mourners. At these words, Rodolph fell back in the missionary's arms, saying—"Then I accept with joy the end to which God has called me. Death no longer disturbs me, since it brings victory with it."*

* The resemblance to Wolfe's death is not fanciful but real. The Encyclopædia Americana and some historians assert that Rodolph was defeated on the Elster; but most inaccurately, as will appear from Hallam and Voigt.

From this moment he was speechless; and with his gaze earnestly bent upon his shield, that had been raised by a page, and on which was blazoned a crowned lion sleeping upon the knees of the blessed Virgin, Rodolph of Suabia breathed his last. The calm face of the dead was not paler than Gilbert, who, unmoved by the shout of victory, watched the clay that had so lately been—a king.

Whilst they bore the body to the royal pavilion, the pursuit was continued with terrible effect. The Saxons remembered the losses they had suffered five years before,—the Suabians saw their desolated homes and their expiring duke. The small remnant of Henry's army that escaped the relentless sword, and the equally fatal depths of the Elster, were only reserved for a fate still more dreadful. After wandering about, a prey to want and misery, they were butchered by the peasantry of Saxony and Thuringia, who, armed with hatchets and scythes, flew to avenge upon the relic, the wrongs they had suffered from the whole army. Many of the fugitives plunged into the forests, preferring the slow tooth of famine to the swifter stroke of steel. Others, concealing themselves until the first gust of passion was over, besought the mercy of the peasantry, who, at last, moved with compassion or glutted with slaughter, received them as fellow-beings, healed their wounds and sent them to their homes. Henry of Austria, with a suit little proportioned to his rank, fled to Bohemia.

There was none of the exultation of victory in the allied camp that night: each soldier seemed to feel that the conquest had been too dearly won. Rodolph was not only beloved by his Suabians, who from their cradles had experienced his bounty, his virtue and justice, but he had endeared himself to the Saxons by his affability, his wisdom and his valor. He had healed their private quarrels and humbled their public enemies; he found them divided and feeble, he left them united and vigorous. They regarded him as the Saviour of Saxony, and affectionately styled him, "*Pater patriæ.*" Nor was the grief of the bishops and priests less ardent and sincere, for they felt that a zealous and dauntless defender of the church had fallen.

The soldiers, scattered about in groups, slept little, but whispered to each other and fixed their eyes upon the torches that burned so steadily in the royal pavilion. There was stretched, cold and stiff, the victor of the day;—his noble features rigid in death, whilst his barons knelt weeping around the bier, and the archbishop of Mayence recited prayers for his soul. The night wore away, and when the morning broke out cheerfully as though no care were in the world, Gilbert de Hers still knelt beside the corpse of the king. No tears were in his eyes then, and the expression of his face varied between deep thought and deep grief. He might have remarked that the scorn had departed from Henry of Stramen's lip: but he did not. His mind was occupied with other things; and silent and sad he would not quit his post beside the dead.

Early in the morning of the 16th, the victorious army, sadder than defeat could ever have made it, entered Merseburg. After the obsequies had been performed with equal solemnity and magnificence, the body of the king was deposited in the choir of the cathedral. A statue of gilt bronze for many a year marked the tomb of Rodolph of Suabia.

On the same evening, when the soldiers were scattered through the town, and the nobles had retired to such quarters as they could procure, Gilbert de Hers sought out Father Omehr, and found him in an apartment which the archbishop of Mayence had obtained for the missionary.

Up to the day of his interview with Rodolph at Mayence, Gilbert's mind had been wholly engrossed with the bright pictures which a vivid and worldly fancy and a keen ambition to excel, can always

unfold to the eye of youth. At times he remembered the night passed in the missionary's humble dwelling, when Bertha's knife had confined him there, and he saw again the crucifix and the sacristan. But this was only for a moment. The image of the Lady Margaret was sure to enter and banish every other feeling than that of deep love for her. But from the night of the coronation, a change had fallen upon the youth, which Father Omehr's keen eye had not failed to remark. He displayed no longer the same thoughtless gaiety or the same dreamy abstraction. He had his reveries, it is true; but they did not proceed from the fear of losing the Lady Margaret, or the hope of gaining her. The missionary had refrained from questioning the young knight, nor did Gilbert reveal any secret to his venerable friend. Whether he might have recovered his former levity can scarcely be answered: but the death of Rodolph seemed to have extinguished it for ever. So great a change had this last incident wrought in him, that it was not only evident to Father Omehr and Sir Albert, but all who knew him were struck with his altered manner. They ascribed it to grief alone, for they knew him to have been the monarch's favorite.

When the young noble and the old priest, whose love for each other had steadily increased, had sat awhile in silence, the latter took his companion by the hand, and, as the visit seemed to solicit the question, said in a tone evincing the interest of a parent—

"My son, what ails you?"

Then, for the first time, the violent and various feelings which had been aroused in Gilbert's breast found a vent in tears. An hour almost passed away before he could compose himself, and then he only said,—

"To witness him struck down by death just as he gained all for which he lived—to see the fruit of thirty years labor snatched from his lips before he could taste it!—Oh God, for what trifles are we toiling!"

It was difficult to recognise Gilbert de Hers in the pale, excited face and trembling figure, which, with clasped hands and eyes upturned, uttered these meaning words.

Another hour passed, and the youth was kneeling at the missionary's feet.

Midnight was tolled by the great bell of the cathedral, and Gilbert had risen.

"My son," said Father Omehr as they parted, "you have been taught to despise the world:—the next step is to love God!"

Otto of Nordheim and Welf of Bavaria had determined to keep their forces together until apprised of Henry's further designs, and the allied armies rested upon their arms at Merseburg. In the meantime Henry used every artifice to raise another army; but such a panic had seized his adherents, that they declared they would rather be swallowed up in the earth, than again encounter the Saxons. When Otto and Welf were thus assured of Henry's immediate inability to injure them, they disbanded the troops which had served them so gallantly. Much as the soldiers longed to return to their homes, they did not part without some reluctance. They had long toiled side by side in the same glorious cause;—they had shared the same dangers and the same pleasures. They had slept and kept watch together. Reminiscences of hair-breadth escapes and of mutual services, had created friendships of no ordinary strength. For many days, the different troops could be seen evacuating the city under their feudal chiefs, until at last scarce a soldier remained at Merseburg.

It was about the first of November, that the barons of Hers and Stramen set out with the relics of their clans for their lordships in Suabia. The face of Sandrat de Stramen was sterner than ever, and his son seemed to have caught a portion of his severity. They rode along swiftly, and whenever they spoke it was about the lady Margaret. Father Omehr alone preserved his equanimity, and even he was unusually absent and thoughtful.

Nor was the retinue of Albert of Hers more cheerful. Sir Albert's eyes were fixed on the ground in deep dejection; tears were ever and anon springing into Humbert's eyes, and even the vassals behind them, were gloomy and dispirited. They were returning to a desolated home, it is true; but, what was worse—they were returning without Gilbert.

The lady Margaret was still at Tubingen. With scarce more fervor did Gregory VII uphold against the world, the measures he deemed essential to the liberty, unity and purity of the church, than this young girl pursue the object to which she had consecrated herself,—the extinction of the feud. Humble as were her aim and efforts, when contrasted with the objects and exertions of the sainted pontiff, she could still imitate his piety and perseverance. The reader may have remarked the changes in the lady Margaret's character. She was naturally haughty and impetuous, though generous and sincere. In spite of her piety, that pride so difficult to curb would still break out. But these infirmities had been zealously combated, until religion had triumphed over the weakness of humanity. Still, for some time, the lady Margaret was unhappy, and accused herself of human love in seeking the reconciliation, imputing the revolution in her feelings to a culpable tenderness. But she soon discovered that vanity—that an aspiration after the *consciousness* of perfection rather than true piety,—occasioned her uneasiness. She no longer tormented herself with dangerous mistrusts, but gave all she had to God, begging him to purify the gift and supply her mind with the dispositions to render the offering acceptable. She had learned that most difficult lesson even to the holy,—to hope rather than despond in the conviction of unworthiness. There was one other victory which the lady Margaret had gained over herself: she had suppressed an inclination to return the attachment of Gilbert de Hers, which she clearly saw could only lead to unfortunate results. It was the remembrance of this inclination, that occasioned the misgivings which she had at last obtained grace to disregard.

Such was the lady Margaret at the time of the battle of the Elster. She frequently reverted to the challenge she had given the assailants of Stramen castle, and detected in that defiance a relic of her former pride. It was the last spark.

She was now in daily expectation of her father and brother and of one almost equally dear—Father Omehr. Her walks were confined to a large room adjoining her chamber and thence along the corridor to the chapel. Her evening exercise was to walk, supported by the countess of Montfort, to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and observe the custom of her earliest youth, by leaving there a bunch of flowers. She spent the most of the day in a cushioned chair:—she was too weak to kneel long. She loved to sit in the sunlight holding the countess' hand in her own attenuated fingers. Then she would speak of her father and brother,—and say that on the morrow they would surely be reunited. She never mentioned sickness or pain; she saw her companion's tears falling fast at times, but she would only wipe them away with a smile and an embrace. As the sunbeams played upon her wasted features, fringing her hair with gold and encircling her with a brilliant halo, the countess would turn away from the lovely vision to hide her emotion, and whisper to herself,—"This is a glimpse of the world beyond the grave!"

NEW VERSION OF THE DIES IRÆ.

(Principally selected.)

I.

Day o 'wrath, that day of burning
All shal lmelt, to ashes turning,
As foretold by seers discerning.

II.

Oh what fear shall it engender,
When the Judge shall come in splendor,
Strict to mark and just to render.

III.

Trumpet scattering sounds of wonder,
Rending sepulchres asunder,
Shall resistless summons thunder.

IV.

All aghast then Death shall shiver,
And great Nature's frame shall quiver,
When the graves their dead deliver.

V.

Book where every act's recorded,
All events all time afforded,
Shall be brought, and dooms awarded.

VI.

When shall sit the Judge unerring,
He'll unfold all here occurring,
No just vengeance then deferring.

VII.

What shall *I* say that time pending?
Ask what Advocate's befriending,
When the just man needs defending?

VIII.

King almighty and all-knowing,
Grace to sinners freely showing,
Save me, Fount of good o'erflowing.

IX.

Think, oh Jesus, for what reason
Thou enduredst man's high treason,
Nor me lose in that dread season.

X.

Seeking me thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross thou hast death tasted,
Let such labor not be wasted.

XI.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Grant me perfect absolution,
Ere that day of execution.

XII.

Culprit like, I—heart all broken,
On my cheek shame's crimson token—
Plead the pardoning word be spoken.

XIII.

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying Thief's petition,
Cheer'dst with hope my lost condition.

XIV.

Though my prayers do nothing merit,
What is needful, thou confer it—
Lest I endless fire inherit.

XV.

'Mid the sheep a place decide me,
And from goats on left divide me,
Standing on the right beside thee.

XVI.

When the accurs'd away are driven,
To eternal burnings given,
Call me with the bless'd to heaven.

XVII.

I beseech thee, prostrate lying,
Heart as ashes contrite, sighing,
Care for me when I am dying.

XVIII.

On that awful day of wailing,
Human destinies unveiling,
Spare us, Lord, before thee quailing.

XIX.

Jesus, God of consolation,
Grant to souls now in purgation,
With thy saints in heaven a station. Amen.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Secrecy of the Confessional.*—On Thursday, the 23d of September, the office of Mr. Hutton, situated in North street, Baltimore, was robbed of notes and certificates amounting to between thirteen and fourteen thousand dollars, and the house on the evening of the same day was fired. The Sunday following, all the papers that had been taken from Mr. Hutton's desk, were restored to him through the Rev. Mr. Hickey, assistant pastor of the cathedral. Some days after, the Rev. gentleman was summoned to appear before the grand jury, which, at the close of its inquiries, issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. John Gracey, clerk of Mr. Hutton. These facts, which we have just stated, having been presented to the public through a portion of the Baltimore press, in a very bungling manner, calculated to produce the very erroneous impression that Mr. Hickey had made some disclosure that led to the arrest of Mr. Gracey, we deem it proper to say, that such intimation of the press in Baltimore, and the more positive asseverations of the press elsewhere in relation to the same subjects, were entirely unfounded in truth. Mr. Hickey was questioned on the occasion, in reference to the practice of the Catholic clergy in the reception of converts, and other matters connected with the doctrines of the church, and on these points, of a general nature, he could with perfect propriety, impart any information that was desired. But he could not, and did not, say any thing that might be a clue to the discovery of the individual who committed the robbery. This he could not have done, without committing a crime of the greatest enormity, the violation of the sacramental secrecy, an instance of which has yet to be placed on record. The name of a John Nepomucen has risen to a glorious distinction throughout the Christian world, for his having suffered death rather than divulge the knowledge obtained in the tribunal of penance; the calendar and martyrology of the church exhibit him as an object of universal respect and admiration, and as a model for the imitation of her clergy in administering the sacrament of reconciliation.* But we have yet to learn the name of a priest who has ever consented to betray the confidence reposed in him as a confessor. It is plain, that if this could in any case be admitted, the criminal would be deterred from seeking the remedy of his spiritual maladies, and thus the institution of Jesus Christ for the benefit of sinners and their reconciliation with God, would be completely thwarted in its design and operation. Hence the same divine law that commands a recourse to the sacrament of penance, for mortal sins committed after baptism, requires the observance of an inviolable secrecy on the part of the clergyman, and so far does this law of secrecy extend, that, according to an ancient writer, he may say: "what I know by confession, I know less than what I do not know at all."

Such is the reasoning that will always govern a Catholic clergyman in the circumstances alluded to, let the human law be what it may. No enactments, no prisons, no sufferings will compel him to disclose what God, the great master in heaven commands him to keep secret. But so far as the spirit, if not the letter, of our legislation in this country bears upon the question, it must certainly dispense a Catholic clergyman from the obligation of revealing the secrets of the confessional, by the very fact of its disclaiming all interference with the free exercise of religion. In this view of the subject, when the Rev. Anthony Kohlman was cited before a court in New York, in 1812, as a witness of what he had learned in the confessional, De Witt Clinton, the presiding judge, very properly decided the case in favor of the witness.

In the case recently tried at Baltimore, the bench delivered a similar opinion, founded further upon the particular legislation of Maryland. The Rev. Mr. Hickey having been called as a witness and placed under oath, answered as follows:

"I am a priest, belonging to the Catholic church, and a citizen of Maryland. I know nothing of these papers in any other way than

* See his biography in Alban Butler, May 16.

in my capacity as a priest; I am unwilling to state any thing that is communicated to me in that capacity. I know nothing relative to the matter as a citizen.

"Mr. Richardson, the attorney general, then stated that he had nothing else to ask him, and as his justification for not doing so, referred the court to the case of Broad v. Pitt, 3d Carrington, and Payne, 518, in which the point was decided, and one of the judges expressed the opinion of the court by saying, 'I, for one, will never compel a clergyman to disclose communications made by a prisoner, but if he choose to disclose them, I shall receive them in evidence.' Mr. Richardson referred further to the decision of the same point in New York, under De Witt Clinton, J. O. Hoffman and others.

"The court thereupon remarked, that further, under the bill of rights, they could not think of pressing an inquiry in such a case.

"The attorney general then stated that the case was closed on the part of the state."

Diocess of Philadelphia.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—The bishop of Philadelphia confirmed above sixty persons in St. Bonaventura's, Susquehanna county, on the 18th Sept'r, and eighty-one in St. Francis' on the 19th.

The bishop, accompanied by the Rev. Louis Coudenhove, visited the church of SS. Peter and Paul, Towanda, on Tuesday the 21st, and confirmed fifty-six persons.

A frame church has been recently built in Albany township, Bradford county, where about fifteen Catholic families reside, but were not visited.

The visitation was held during three days at the church of St. Basil, in Cherry township, where about seventy were confirmed. Nearly forty German families, and above one hundred and fifty Irish families form this congregation, for which the church being entirely too small, although erected but a few years ago, measures have been taken for the erection of a larger one. A new county has been formed out of Lycoming, under the name of Sullivan, to which this township now belongs.

In Bloomsburg a room is set apart for Catholic worship. About 20 Catholic families reside in this town. No visitation was held there.

The church of St. James in Danville, was visited on Sunday, and above twenty persons were confirmed. The congregation is already too large for the church, which was erected only two years ago.—*Catholic Herald.*

Retreat and Diocesan Synod.—We learn from the same source that a spiritual retreat for the clergy was held at the bishop's residence, ending on the first Sunday of October. Forty priests attended the exercises, which were conducted by the Rev. J. McElroy, S. J. At the pontifical mass, on the last day of the retreat, a synod was opened, during which an impressive discourse was delivered by the V. Rev. J. O'Dwyer, O. S. A. "The bishop expressed his great satisfaction at the edifying demeanor of the clergy, and their devout application to the spiritual exercises; and expressed his confidence that the laity would concur in the regulations made for establishing order and promoting piety. Statutes of the Synod were read by Rev. E. J. Sourin, secretary. They chiefly regard parochial rights and the publication of the banns of marriage, which, in conformity with the decree of the late Provincial Council, will take place in the various parishes or congregations of the diocess in which there is a parish priest, or resident clergyman. The division of the city and county into parochial districts is henceforward to approximate closely to parishes, and the parochial relations are to be more distinct and definite. Parochial limits are assigned to the churches of St. Joseph and St. Augustin, attended by the regular clergy, as well as to the other churches. The Germans residing within the limits of the parishes remain in charge of the rector of Trinity church, and of the priests of the Congregation of the Redeemer. The sacraments of baptism and marriage, as also Easter communion, viaticum, and extreme unction are to be administered by the parish priest or his vicar to those only within the parochial limits, unless by his leave, or with special leave of the bishop. These regulations are not to take effect before the first of January next."—*Ibid.*

Conversions at home.—On Wednesday, the 13th Oct'r, the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Philadelphia, received into the communion of the Catholic church, the Rev. George Allen, A. M., a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal church, and professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Pennsylvania.

On the following day, the 14th, the same Rt. Rev. prelate also received into the church, Professor Allen's lady and five children.

On the morning of the 22d the new converts received the sacrament of confirmation, all of the young persons having arrived at a suita-

ble age. The acts mentioned above, were performed in the bishop's domestic chapel.

We have been somewhat specific in giving these facts, having understood that one of the daily papers of the city, published a report of them containing many inaccuracies.—*Cath. Herald.*

Diocess of New York.—Monday, Sept. 11, being the festival of St. Francis, the Right Rev. Bishop Hughes held a confirmation at the church of St. Francis Assisii, (German,) 31st street, where he confirmed one hundred children. He was met outside the door by the children in order of procession, who entered the church after him. Those who belonged to the third order of St. Francis, assisted with lighted tapers in their hands. The bishop preceded the administration of the sacrament by a suitable exhortation, and a sermon was preached in German, after the Gospel, by Father Buchmeier, O. S. F., of St. Nicholas church.

The evening preceding the bishop blessed a bell for St. Francis' church, which henceforth, morning, noon, and night, will sound the "Angelus." This will be the third bell for a Catholic church in this city, and the second which rings the *Angelus*.

Diocess of Albany.—We learn from the *Freeman's Journal* that on the 19th of Sept. the Right Rev. Dr. McCloskey laid the corner stone of a third Catholic church at Troy. The new church is to be under the invocation of St. Joseph.

The Catholics of the several congregations of this city, assembled last night [Oct. 9] at St. Mary's church, and were addressed by Bishop McCloskey, and the Rev. John Conroy of St. Joseph's, and P. McCloskey of St. John's, on the subject of the erection of a cathedral in this city. The determination is to proceed forthwith to the collection of funds for this object, (which it is believed can be completed in a few years), and the above named congregations are forthwith to commence subscriptions, and the other churches of the diocess are expected to co-operate.—*Albany Atlas, per Freeman's Journal.*

Diocess of Buffalo.—On Sunday, Oct'r 17, as we learn from the *Freeman's Journal*, the Right Rev. Dr. Timon, bishop elect of Buffalo, was consecrated in the cathedral of New York, by the Right Rev. Dr. Hughes. Bishop Kenrick, of Philadelphia, preached on the occasion. The diocess of Buffalo comprises the western part of the state of New York, extending east to the eastern limits of Cayuga, Tompkins and Tioga counties. "The new diocess of Albany on the north and east is included within the same boundaries as the state, it extends south to the 42d degree of north latitude (the northern line of Pennsylvania continued through to Connecticut), and west to the eastern limits of the counties of Cayuga, Tompkins and Tioga."

A new Catholic church has already been commenced in Buffalo on the corner of Pine and Batavia streets. It is to be 186 feet long by 86 wide, and will, when completed, be one of the largest and finest churches in all the west.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Diocess of Pittsburg.—*Episcopal Visitation.*—On Thursday the 15th of September, the visitation was held at Jefferson. The congregation numbers about seven hundred souls: forty-six were confirmed.

On Saturday the 17th, the visitation was held at Cameron's Bottom, Indiana county. This congregation numbers about three hundred: twenty-two were confirmed.

On Sunday the 18th, the bishop visited Indiana. About two hundred and fifty persons in the congregation: eleven were confirmed.

The church here is new: it is a small but neat frame building. It was dedicated on this occasion under the patronage of St. Bernard. The congregation is chiefly German.

On Tuesday the 20th, the bishop visited Saltzburgh. The number of Catholics here does not exceed fifty, yet they have built for themselves a small neat brick church, which was dedicated on this occasion under the invocation of St. Matthew. Three persons were confirmed.

The visitation was held at Freeport on Thursday the 22d. This congregation numbers about four hundred souls: seven were confirmed.

Reception of Nuns.—On Wednesday 29th of Sept., at the convent chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, on Penn street, Miss Marianne Daly, (*Sister Agatha*), Miss Mary Gillispie, (*Sister Baptist*), and Miss Mary Hosteller, (*Sister Rose*), received the white veil from the hands of the bishop.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

Diocess of Chicago.—*Taking the Veil.*—On Friday the 24th of September, Miss Catharine Kildea, called in religion Sister Mary Aloysia, who has been a postulant in the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, at Chicago, for some months, received the white veil of a

Novice, in the cathedral at the hands of the bishop, Rt. Rev. Dr. Quarter.

We are gratified to learn that the new convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in Chicago, is now finished, and that the nuns will take possession of it immediately. The community goes on increasing in numbers and in usefulness, and is held in the highest esteem by the citizens of Chicago generally.—*News Letter.*

Diocess of Milwaukie.—*Ordination.*—The Right Rev. Bishop held an ordination on the 29th Sept'r, when the order of priesthood was conferred on the Rev. Michael McFall and the Rev. Michael Peitter.

Confirmation.—On Sunday the 17th of Sept. the same prelate administered the sacrament of confirmation to seventy-two persons in the new and well finished church of St. Bernard, in the flourishing village of Watertown, situated on Rock river, Jefferson county, Wisconsin. This large congregation consists almost exclusively of Irish Catholics, the greater part of whom emigrated from the eastern cities within the last two or three years. The happy condition of the settlers ought to encourage hundreds of other families to abandon the crowded towns, and select a home in the delightful "clearings" of Wisconsin.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

St. Mary's (German) Church.—This beautiful edifice was consecrated yesterday, with all the impressive ceremonies of the Catholic church. Bishop Henni, in full canonicals officiated. The sermon was delivered in English, by the Rev. Michael Shaw, of Indiana, who left a most favorable impression on the audience, not less from the piety of his sentiments, than from his ability and earnest eloquence. The rich and solemn music added impressiveness to the ceremonies of the consecration.

The attendance was very large, and we understand that no less than eighteen hundred persons passed the doors during the morning. The Germans are justly proud of St. Mary's, as an evidence not only of their religious character, but of good taste, in erecting a fitting temple to the Deity.—*News Letter.*

Diocess of Vincennes.—The neat and substantial church, erected by the zealous Catholics of Richmond, Indiana, was dedicated to the service of God under the invocation of the holy apostle St. Andrew, on Sunday the 17th ult.—*Ib.*

Diocess of Cleveland.—*Consecration of Bishop Rappe.*—This ceremony took place on last Sunday in the cathedral of Cincinnati. An immense congregation was present, filling every part of the ample edifice, and preserving throughout the solemn exercises the greatest order and attention. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Purcell was the consecrating prelate, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, bishop of Richmond. The latter prelate delivered an excellent discourse on apostolical succession, in which he proved with great force and clearness the establishment and perpetuity of the Catholic ministry.

In the evening the bishop of Richmond preached again, and the newly consecrated bishop presided at vespers and gave the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Rappe left town yesterday on his way to Cleveland.—*Cath. Tel. Oct.* 14.

Archdiocess of St. Louis.—On Sunday, 26th Sept'r, the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis confirmed a number of children in Clay co., Mo.—*News Letter.*

St. Louis News Letter.—We perceive that this excellent journal is about to pass from the hands of its former publisher. We hope that this circumstance will in no wise tend to prevent the continuance of a periodical which has proved itself so useful an auxiliary to the Catholic cause. The ability and truly Christian spirit which it has always displayed, entitle it to universal patronage, but especially to that of the Catholics of the western states.

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*New Church.*—We have at length the satisfaction to announce that a "good beginning" has been made for a Catholic church in the beautiful and prosperous town of Springfield. Last week the bishop obtained a lot, one hundred and fifty feet square, near the academy, on which, with God's blessing, a church will be erected next year. The lot cost eleven hundred dollars, and all paid.

The English Catholics of Covington have purchased a spacious lot, one hundred and forty feet front, an excellent site, on which they hope to erect before long a handsome church.

Another.—The Catholics of Delhi township, near this city, have held a meeting and resolved to erect a church to accommodate the numerous Catholic families now resident in that township, and many of them owners of the soil.

Yet Another.—The Catholics of St. James' church, Green township, about nine miles from

Cincinnati, held a meeting last week and made preparations for the erection of a new church, the present one being too small for the increasing numbers. Fifteen hundred dollars were raised in money, and as they have already a fine site and can collect materials during the winter, we hope that they will succeed in accomplishing their pious object. The present church will serve for the parish school house, of which there is much need, as the school house now in use is inadequate and uncomfortable.

Submission to the Church of Christ.—A German Catholic clergyman, Rev. Mr. Grandeler, who in an evil hour for himself had adopted the views of *John Ronge*, and who has been preaching in this city to "a small party," renounced his errors during the last week, and made application to the bishop for re-admission to communion with the Catholic church.

It appears as if schism is doomed to make no headway in the United States. Whilst every division of Protestantism flourishes—has its preachers, meeting houses and congregations—every attempt to introduce disaffection into the Catholic family meets with certain and swift discomfiture.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

Captain John E. Howard.—Lt. Tilton, of the voltigeur regiment, in a letter written from the city of Mexico, dated 27th Sept'r, makes honorable mention of Captain John Eager Howard, of Baltimore. We have been politely favored with the following extracts from the letter. The writer alludes to the capture of Chapultepec.

"We rose to the crest of the hill, and amid the most withering fire of grape, canister, and the musketry of near two thousand Mexicans, planted the ladders, and with a cheer mounted. The *first* man who entered alive was Captain Howard. He was followed instanter, &c. &c. .....The first ten or fifteen inside the works met some resistance, as they fell back into the building that is in the centre of the work, but we charged them there; Howard with his own hand killed three, and by this time the poor devils were calling loudly for quarters," &c.

OBITUARY.

Died at the residence of the Society of Jesus, at Goshenhoppen, Berk's Co., Penna., Oct'r 12th, 1847, Father Stephen John Gabaria, S. J.

F. Gabaria was a native of Piedmont, and was born December 27th, 1794. After the usual preparatory studies, he entered as a student in the University of Turin, where he completed his course of humanities, philosophy, &c. At the age of 21, he migrated to Switzerland, and entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, on the 5th of October, 1815. At the end of the ordinary probation of the society, he was called to Ferrara, in the Roman Province, to apply himself to the study of theology, Sacred Scripture and Hebrew. Having received holy orders, he was appointed to the offices of minister and procurator of the Jesuit College of Nizza. From the performance of these duties he was called to the chair of dogmatic theology, in the college of Ferentino, where his lectures were attended by the students of the Diocesan Seminary. The course of dogma, which he had commenced to write at Ferentino, was interrupted by his appointment to the professorship of moral theology, in the Roman College. For this all-important branch of sacred learning he manifested peculiar talents, which, combined with the facility of access to the unrivalled library of the institution, enabled him to produce a moral course admirable for its research and accuracy. Fifteen years were spent in this duty, and the performance of others imposed by various offices of trust in the society.

On the 2d of Feb. 1829, he made his solemn profession in the highest grade of his order.

Towards the close of the year 1833, he was sent by his superiors to the United States. He was made professor of mental and moral philosophy in the college of Georgetown, D. C. During the five or six years in which he held this office, he wrote his course of logic, metaphysics and ethics; this work yet continues to be the text-book in the college class, and gives the alumni of the institution advantages in these branches, possessed by those of few others in the country.

He held various offices in Georgetown College, up to the date of his death. For some years past, he was professor of moral theology, spiritual director of the community, and confessor of the Convent of the Visitation.

His strength declining in the summer of 1847, he was sent, for the benefit of change, to Goshenhoppen, Pa., where he died of Paralysis, on the 12th of October, rich in the merits acquired by constant and upright labor in the service of the Saviour, to whom he had consecrated all his powers.

On the 1st of Sept'r at Castroville, Texas, Rev. MATTHEW CHAZELLE, pastor of the church at that place. Mr. Chazelle, says the *Propagateur*, had only been little more than a year in this country, and had signalised his zeal in the exercise of the holy ministry in Texas. Gifted with a strong constitution and devoted to his labors as a missionary, he promised much for religion in the diocess of Galveston, when he was cut off by the prevailing fever, at the early age of twenty-seven years. His loss is greatly deplored by the bishop and his flock.

On the 25th Sept'r at Donaldsonville, La., Sister MARY BARBE, a native of Missouri, and aged 22 years. The deceased had but a few months before entered the novitiate of the Sisters of Charity. She received the habit of the society and her name in religion on her death-bed.—*Prop. Cath.*

Died, at the residence of the Right Rev. Bishop of Boston, on Monday morning, 18th Oct'r, Rev. JOHN D. BRADEY, late pastor of Cabotville and other missions.

The Rev. Mr. Bradey, although in a feeble state of health, had repaired to Boston in order to perform, with the other clergymen of the diocess, a spiritual retreat. His increasing debility prevented him from joining in the holy exercises, and on the morning after the opening of the retreat he breathed his last, after having received the sacraments of the church. He was ordained by the late bishop of the diocess in the year 1833. Since that he has labored with assiduity and perseverance in various missions, and several churches erected by his continued efforts, remain a lasting testimony to his zeal for religion.—*Boston Cath. Obs.*

On 25th August, at Ferdinand, Indiana, Rev. J. H. MEINKMANN, aged 51 years. Mr. M. was a native of Germany, and had presided during five years over the congregation at Ferdinand, consisting chiefly of Germans. —*Prop. Cath.* R. I. P.

FOREIGN.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—The following summary we borrow from the *Truth Teller:*

The arrival of the Steamships "Missouri," and "Cambria," has put us in possession of very late dates. The "Cambria" has brought us London papers of the 4th instant, and Dublin of the same date.

The commercial intelligence is of a most disastrous nature—failures upon failures are announced of the most respectable houses and of the very highest standing in Great Britain, and the amount of their liabilities is *enormous*. To furnish a list of the names even of the firms would take up a couple of columns of our paper. Where this fearful condition and derangement of the mercantile and monetary affairs in Europe are to end—and to what destruction they will lead—it is impossible to foresee.

We perceive from our foreign files that the great political movement in progress in Italy, continues to occupy the attention of the public in all parts of Europe. The only sources of reliable information available from the Lombardo, Venetian, and Neapolitan states, being private letters and such advices as are received indirectly through the Pontifical, Tuscan, and Piedmontese journals, considerable delay and much uncertainty, says the *Dublin Freeman*, attend the intelligence we receive. The official gazettes of Naples and Milan, containing such statements only as their governments respectively find it convenient to issue, are little to be depended on.

The accounts from Italy are satisfactory. His Holiness, the Pope, by his firmness and determination appears to have stultified Austria, she does not appear disposed to provoke hostilities.

Letters from Rome of the 19th ult., state that at Ferrara all things remain in *statue quo*.

The deputation from the Italian states to PIUS IX, composed of persons selected by the popular vote from all the cities of Tuscany and of the duchy of Lucca, enjoying the confidence of the people, were to assemble on the 29th ult., at Leghorn. On the following day, at eleven A. M., they were to meet in the Palazzo Comunitativo to concert of the best measures for carrying out the intentions of the people they represent. On the 1st of the present month they were to start for Civita Vecchia on their way to Rome. This mission is one of high importance for the Italian cause, as it adds new strength to the bonds of sympathy which have been formed between the hearts and feelings of the sons of Italy.

The first public meeting of the Irish Council was held at the Rotundo in Dublin on Tuesday the 28th ulto. It was most numerously attended. The chair was taken by Lord Cloncurry. The Dublin Freeman contains a very full and interesting report of the proceedings which we shall notice fully in our next.

The Nation very justly observes that an Irish council, meeting at the beginning of a third winter's famine, has a mighty task before it.

Several important questions, we perceive, are likely to occupy the councils immediately, Among others, that of export or non-export—and the land tenure, the committee upon which will shortly bring up a report comprising some plan of settlement of the matter.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Loyal National Repeal Association, held at Conciliation Hall on the 21st ulto., Mr. John O'Connell read an admirable Letter from His Grace, the Archbishop of Tuam, enclosing his mite to the Repeal Association.

His grace urges the necessity of making immediate arrangements for bringing the right of Ireland, to the restoration of its legislature, before the new Parliament, so that the Irish people may have an opportunity of estimating the value of some of their recent representatives, and of ascertaining the precise meaning of the flexible phrase of "nationality," under the banner of which some of adverse political opinions, have found their way to the British Senate.

Father Mathew has intimated his intention of visiting the United States, and has definitively fixed that it will take place next spring. He has accepted the offer made by the owners of the Boston train line packets who have placed the private State cabins of their splendid vessels at his disposal.

The library of the late Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, R. C. Bishop of Cork, has been valued, by a competent judge, at $125,000.

A new journal is about to be started in Dundalk in favor of the advocacy of "Old Ireland" principles.

The Dublin journals announce the death of Doctor Curran of the epidemic typhus—the awful pestilence now raging in Dublin—on the tenth day of his illness, his brief, but brilliant career closed in this life.

The Limerick weavers have addressed their fellow townsmen, urging them to give their support to Irish manufacture.

A meeting of Catholics of the Sardinian Chapel, London, was held on the 21st ult., to express their hearty indignation at the late iniquitous proceedings of the Austrian government, with regard to the States of the Church.

The gathering of the harvest in Ireland has been very successful. The yield of *all* the crops has proved abundant. A correspondent who has travelled over all the north-eastern and most of the western counties, states that the wheat crop, almost universally, is abundant in quantity and excellent in quality. In some districts of good low-land, and also on moory land, the crop is very heavy; and then, again, on many of the light gravelly hills, it is exceedingly poor and thin. On the whole, however, it is a good average crop in the north and west—much better than in most parts of the south.

Conversions Abroad.—We learn from our last files of English papers, that the good work of conversion is still going on in England. Three new cases are reported, viz: the Rev. S. S. Wilson, late pastor of the Independent congregation at Hants; W. T. Gordon, Esq., of Christ Church College, Oxford, a brother of the Anglican clergyman, who, some months ago, joined the Catholic church; and the eldest son of the Hon. Mrs. Norton and next heir to the Barony of Grantly.—*C. Herald.*

Some months ago, it was boastfully announced in our Protestant exchanges that two Irish priests had made a recantation of Catholicity, in Dublin. These persons were styled, in the Protestant report, the "Rev. Nicholas Beatty, D. D., &c.,(!) late Superior of the Convents in Drogheda, Athlone, Waterford, and Mullinfarnham,(!) and the Rev. P. Brennan, late parish priest of Creere, diocess of Elphin." The *Banner of the Cross* copied the account, introducing it with the remark that "it is *sufficiently specific*, we should think, to satisfy the most incredulous." What will our Protestant contemporaries say when they learn that both of these unfortunate men have already repented of their apostasy, and returned to the church? We have already announced the return of Mr. Beatty, and we have now the pleasure of announcing the return of Mr. Brennan, in the subjoined paragraph from an English paper.

"*Return of an Apostate Priest to the Church.* The Rev. Mr. Brennan, the second of the two priests who read their recantation of Catholicism in the church of St. Audeon's, and whose conversion was the subject of so much boasting to the Priest Protection Society, has written a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, declaring his return to the bosom of the Catholic Church. Mr. Beatty, his fellow-pervert, did the same a short time since."—*Catholic Herald.*

Catholicity in Great Britain.—In 1790, the

beginning of the reign of George III, there were not more than sixty thousand Catholics in England and Scotland. At the close of his reign in 1820, they had increased to five hundred thousand. The Catholic population now amounts to three and a half millions.—*Prop. Catholique.*

To CORRESPONDENTS.—The following articles have come to hand: 1. *Protestant Science as opposed to Miracles:* 2. *On Self-knowledge*, which we must decline accepting, the subject being very obscurely treated, and in some parts unintelligible, at least to us. 3. Two letters from Iowa, containing an interesting narrative of a missionary excursion in that country.

J. A. W. must excuse us for not publishing in the Magazine the item of intelligence he has furnished, for the simple reason that it would impart no information to our readers. Every body knows that, in conventual institutions, a spiritual retreat in the course of the year, is just as much a matter of course as to hear mass every day. The publication of such things would only crowd the pages of a religious journal to no purpose.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Concilium Baltimorense Provinciale VI, habitum, Anno 1846. *Balt.: Apud Joannem Murphy*, 8vo. *pp.* 36.

This collection of acts and decrees of the sixth Provincial Council, has been issued in the same form as those of preceding synods, and in a style of great neatness.

L'American Francais, or a new, plain and easy method of learning, in a very short time, to read fluently, pronounce correctly, and write with accuracy, every word of the French language. By P. Cherbonnier. Balt.: Printed by John D. Toy, 8vo. pp. 223.

The author of this work has furnished a very full exposition and explanation of the various sounds in the French language, which he has arranged in a progressive order, commencing with letters, then passing to syllables, and words formed of those syllables: after which, sentences and reading lessons are given for the exercise of the student. It is certainly the best and most copious illustration of the subject that has come under our notice, and may be very profitably used by those who are learning French. We think, however, that it is not substantially different from the method generally followed by teachers, in imparting a knowledge of French sounds; and that no book, whatever be its excellency, can suffice to communicate this knowledge without the aid of a competent tutor.

Introduction to the English Reader; or a selection of pieces in Prose and Poetry, &c. By Lindley Murray. New York: D. and J. Sadlier. 12mo. pp. 214.

It has been the aim of the author, in compiling this work, to adapt it to those who have made but little progress in reading, and its arrangement is such as to conduct them from the spelling-book to the "English Reader;" a collection designed for those more advanced in the knowledge of the English language. An examination of the book has satisfied us that it has, in general, been well executed; the various selections are suited to the capacity of young persons, and calculated to produce upon their mind and heart the most useful impressions.

A Reply to Dr. Milner's "End of Religious Controversy," so far as the churches of the English communion are concerned. By Samuel Farmar Jarvis, D. D., L. L. D. &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co., &c. 12mo. pp. 251.

We are indebted to the Messrs. Waters, of Baltimore, for a copy of this work, an extended notice of which will appear in a future number of the Magazine.

St. Vincent's Manual.—We take pleasure in announcing, that a second edition of this excellent manual of Catholic piety, revised and considerably enlarged, will soon be published by Mr. Murphy. In the preparation of this edition, all the more popular devotions have been introduced, so that it will form the most complete collection of the kind that has yet been issued from the press in this country.

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